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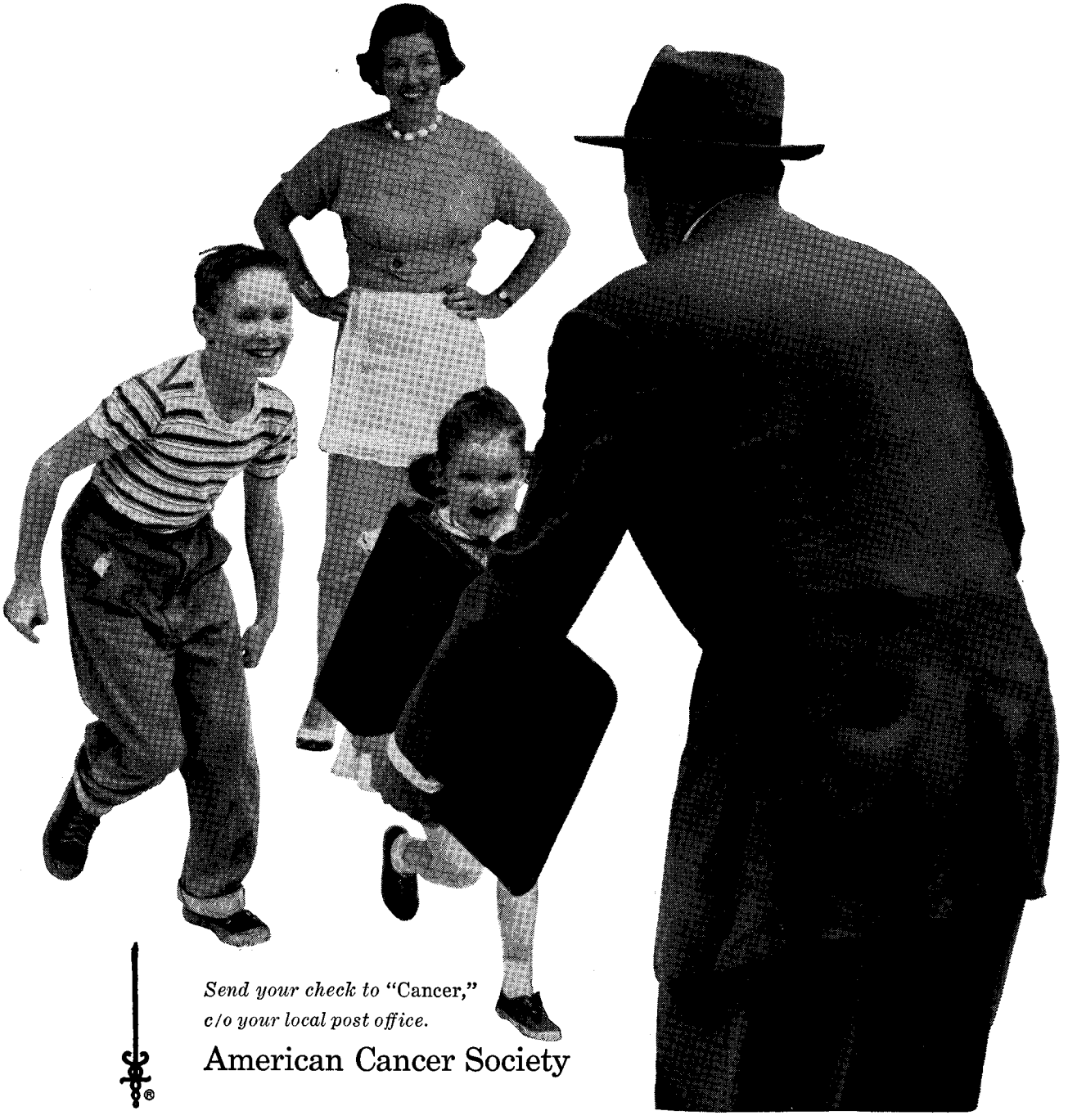

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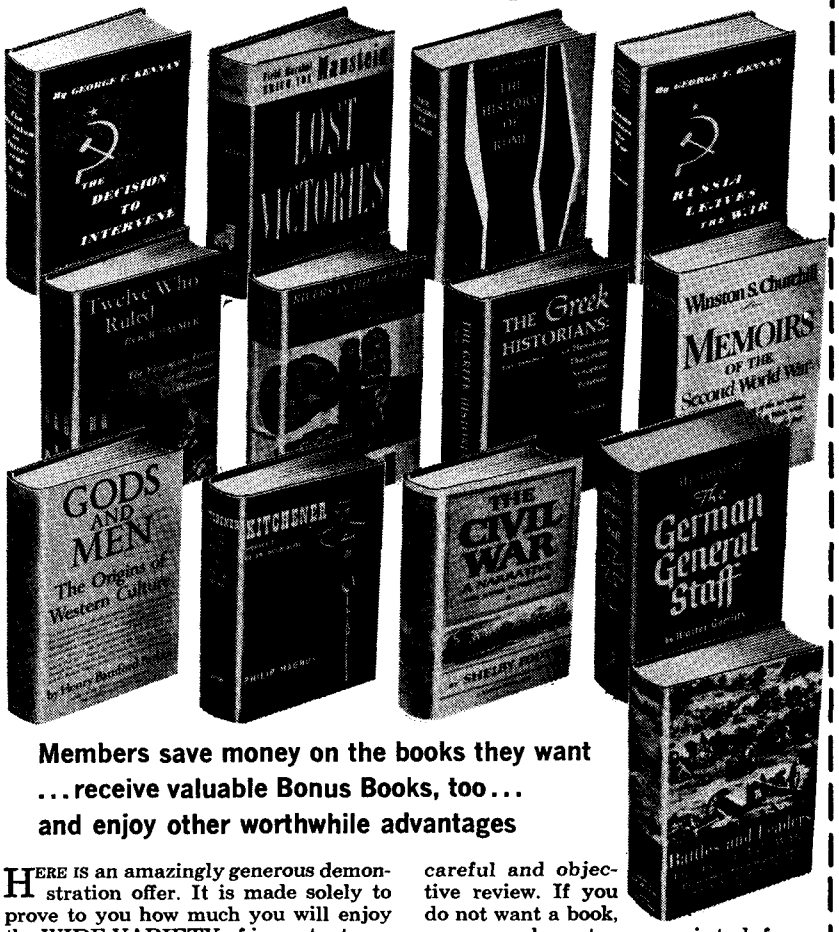

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Big Show

The Soviet Exhibition at New York's Coliseum has come, we have been told, as a contribution to international understanding, to enlighten us, to show us something of Soviet life and values, something of the ways of Soviet man. Daily some three thousand visitors troop through the hodgepodge beneath enormous posters citing the progress of a socialist society and amid the smell of American hot dogs that wafts up from strategically placed food stalls.

When we visited the exhibition the other day, the more we walked and looked around, the more we felt baffled and disoriented. Instead of reducing the difference between East and West, the show, for us, magnified and somehow documented it. It was an oppressive feeling for which we hold responsible those who put on the show.

Taking in the second-floor exhibits which are devoted to science and technology, we were duly impressed as to how far the whole thing was above our heads. We saw the Sputniks, of course, and the big model of the atomic-powered icebreaker *Lenin*, and countless electronic gadgets. That massive display of technological achievement somehow made us feel at the same time overwhelmed and dulled. To an exposition of "Joint welds, complete T-type weld, incomplete T-type weld, welding by one electrode wire," we were as listlessly indifferent as we were to the stereotyped Communist slogans with which the room was festooned.

We moved on to the displays of "culture," hoping to find some evidence of common values and common standards. But there we began to realize that impersonal machinery and the impersonal slogans were characteristic of the entire exhibit.

We saw a model of Moscow University, which tries to combine the grandeur of Rockefeller Center with the statue-strewn embellishments of a county courthouse. With a mixture of pity and incredulity we looked at the model three-room apartment, which had the compact, square homeliness of a second-rate motel. We thought how hard millions of Soviet families have worked and will still have to work before being settled in such quarters.

Why do the fashions seem to come from the basement of a Fourteenth Street emporium? And why the Early Woolworth ceramics? At the fashion show a model appeared wearing a rather-better-than-some blue sheath cocktail dress. When she turned to exit she revealed not a fabric-covered zipper but a wide expanse of steel zipper that looked as if it had been added by the Zil automobile factory.

Where were the taste, the values —truly, where was the spirit of Russia? You could not find the Soviet man at the Coliseum. He seemed as remote as the hound in the Sputnik. Without any point of reference, without any criterion that could allow us to distinguish the real from the caricature or the phony, we were startled by some of our own reactions. We asked the gods to be merciful and never to deprive us of Macy's. And after a view of Soviet paintings, we had two contradictory instincts: to rush to the Museum of Modern Art and to admit that, as a painter, we like Ike.

Fleeting Thought

One fine day in early June the President motored over to the Foreign Service Institute and complained that government officials did not have enough opportunity for contemplation. There needed to be a reorganization, he said, "in the very highest echelons of the Executive departments so that there could be more time to think about the job." Mr. Eisenhower promised that before he leaves office he intends to submit a plan to Congress to do something about it.

Among the bureaucrats around town who perked up their ears at the President's words, none was more attentive than James Pineo Grant, an able young government servant who has spent the better part of his career in the foreign-aid field. Grant, a Harvard Law School graduate still in his thirties, brings more than a casual devotion to this

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

Q.—Mr. President, what has happened to your plan for the Committee on National Goals? A.—Well, it's getting the—that is a great deal of work in getting it all organized and financed, because I am determined it will not be done by the Government. It's going to be done privately.—New York Times

The buck is passed, the buck is passed,
  Our goals are in committee:
Our public lot will now be cast
  In a strictly private kitty.

Not for Ike our life to stake,
  Our future to envision—
The Chairmen of the Boards will make
  That ultimate decision.

—SEC

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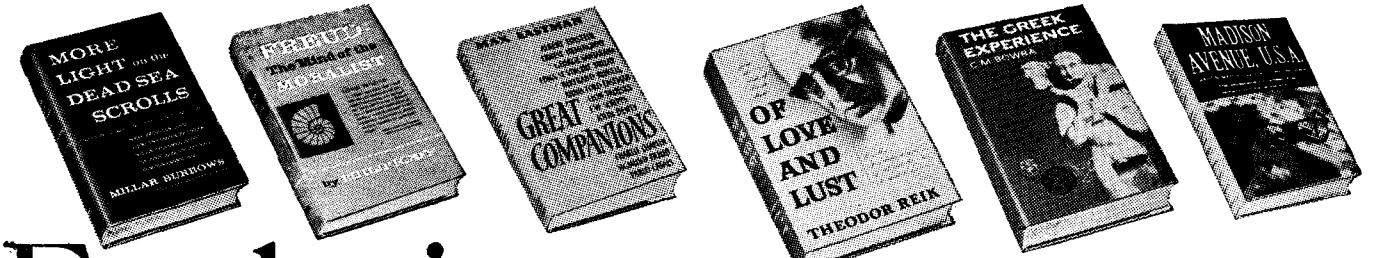

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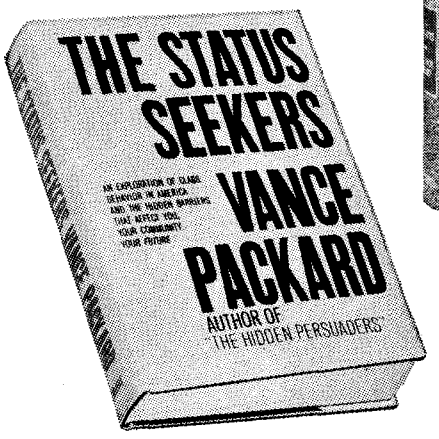

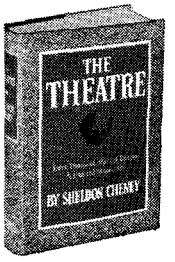

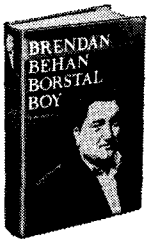

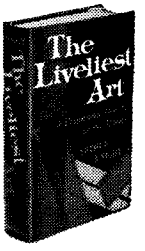

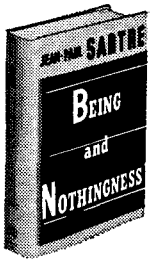

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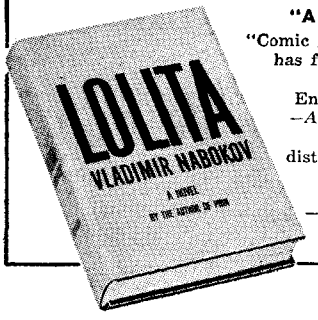

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business. His father was a Rockefeller Foundation agent in China, his grandfather a medical missionary. He himself has served in a number of posts in Asia. Like many others who pursue quiet careers in government, Grant has job incentives other than high pay. He works long hours and most Saturdays.

The President's words struck Jim Grant with particular force; he has been worrying about the same problem recently. As Deputy Director for Program and Planning of the International Cooperation Administration, he has often felt a need to rise above the daily humdrum and try to see the program as a whole. Ideally, he and his planning staff should be constantly exploring new approaches and fresh alternatives. But the business of preparing each year's aid program for presentation to Congress has evolved into a twelve-month-a-year routine that leaves little time for anything else.

It was not long after the President spoke at the Foreign Service Institute that Jim Grant had his idea. Why not take his small staff on an outing and make a clean break from the routine? Get away physically from the telephones and the continuous interruptions of office and home, on the sort of junket people who work for private enterprises always seem to be taking. Go somewhere for a four-day weekend, not too far from Washington but far enough. Then maybe if they worked days and evenings they could do some contemplating, both individually and collectively, that they never found time to do in Washington.

The more he thought about it, the more enthusiastic Grant became. A little coaxing persuaded his colleagues to forsake wives and children for this noble experiment. A search of the nearby Virginia countryside turned up a motel near Charlottesville that had a private conference room they could use free.

To Grant, it looked like a bargain for the government. The men would be working without overtime pay. About the only cost would be gasoline expenses for transporting the group 120 miles to Charlottesville and back plus the $12 per diem the government dispenses for the keep of its civil servants away from home.

Everything was set, or so Jim Grant thought, until one morning shortly before the scheduled departure he mentioned his little project to a lawyer in the ICA General Counsel's office. The lawyer expressed doubts. It would be wise to search the records to ascertain whether there were any precedents for this sort of thing. A quick survey was made and the lawyer's doubts increased. Any expense vouchers for the expedition would have to be O.K.'d by an ICA certifying officer, and every voucher that the certifying officer signed would go to the General Accounting Office. If the GAO rejects a voucher, the certifying officer is by law held personally responsible for repaying Uncle Sam. It is not a system that is calculated to make certifying officers complacent about unusual expenditures.

A man at GAO who was telephoned for informal advice couldn't have been more sympathetic. He agreed heartily with the President that there should be more time for contemplation. Nevertheless, he thought there was a definite likelihood that GAO would "seriously question the validity" of Jim Grant's project. ICA was already providing office space in which Grant's staff could do what they were being paid to do. Since all the people and all the papers were in Washington, there was simply no justification for traveling 120 miles to do the same thing.

Suppose, Grant argued vainly, this was a situation in which the business of government could be better done away from the seat of government. The man at GAO was unconvinced. He pointed out that the logic of such an argument could lead anywhere. Why go to Charlottesville, why not Miami? How about the rest of the government's two and a half million who might also hunger for peaceful contemplation? GAO had to think of the broader implications.

Three days before the scheduled expedition, plans were drastically revised. Grant and his staff met in a vacant classroom a few blocks away from the ICA offices. It wasn't quite the kind of session they had planned. For one thing, they didn't work after seven in the evening because most of them felt that as long as they were in the vicinity they ought to get back to their families. And people kept getting called to the telephone for one reason or another.

Jim Grant still thinks that it was a good idea. But before he tries it again he has decided to wait to find out what kind of plan the President is going to submit to Congress.

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this July 23 issue your next copy will be dated August 20. That will be followed by the September 17 issue, when our regular fortnightly schedule will be resumed.

These Things Were Said

¶ "The difference between you and us is that you never have any arguments among yourselves," Nixon told Kozlov.

"We certainly do," Kozlov snapped back. "There is never a day when we do not argue among ourselves."

"The difference is," Nixon said, "we publicize ours, and you don't."

Kozlov pointed to Herter.

"You never publicize any difference with Mr. Herter," he complained.

"We never have any," Nixon replied.

"Absolutely," Herter chimed in. —*Report in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

¶ Prof. Donald Tuttle of the Department of English at Fenn College, Cleveland, noted that some educators felt Shakespeare had no place in college literature. . . . The objection to Shakespeare, Dr. Tuttle asserted, stems from the fact that he lived during a monarchy. Thus his writings reflect a "totalitarian" period, the educators say.—*Report in the New York Times.*

¶ These conclusions were given in an unofficial and preliminary technical study of recent Congressional testimony by a group of experts on fall-out. . . . In regions of heavy fallout the dose might be three times the permissible. There is no conclusive scientific evidence that this dose would hurt anybody. On the other hand, there is no conclusive scientific evidence that it would not. —*Report in the New York Times.*

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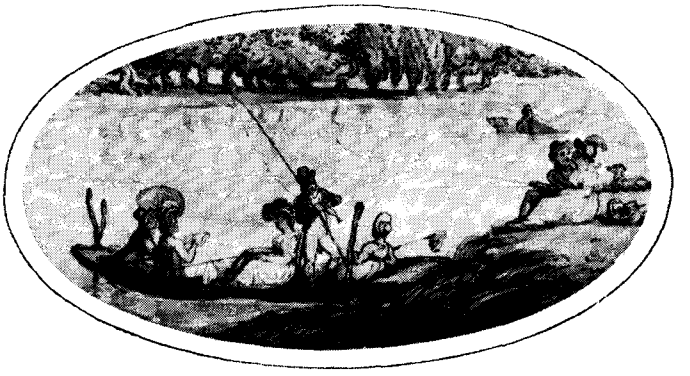

[VOL. II No IV]

After the many times that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have been told by them [Those In The Know] that we simply must do or must not do such-and-such we decided this once to disregard them altogether, oh entirely, and perhaps we made a mistake. This time it was about the advisability of advertising in Dead of Summer: we were never to do that [they said] unless we wished to throw our money out into the street; not that there would be anyone to pick it up with everybody away on holiday and all. Well this made no sense to us. For even if you *are* gone away surely you will return one day soon and when you do you'll find a stack of journals there and this one among them and presently you will open it and eventually arrive at this very page and it being a hot day you'll make yourself a tall glass of something with burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey in it [and the ice cubes clinking merrily away] and you'll settle down to read what we have to say here and nothing will be lost after all. So we believe. Still, we would feel easier if we could confront Them with the evidence that you had indeed seen this piece. The report form below is so simple as to seem simple-minded, we'll grant, but how else to put it? Before we go we'd like to recommend Iced Irish Coffee. But please to omit the whipped cream; that is to say it is plain iced coffee with a noggin of old Burnished Emphatic. Delicious.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE NDEA IDEA

Because of the controversy stirred up by two recent Reporter *articles on Federal aid to education, we have asked Assistant Secretary Elliot L. Richardson of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to comment on the articles and to set forth the administration's position on the subject.*

Daniel P. Moynihan's "A Second Look at the School Panic" (*The Reporter*, June 11) asserted that passage in 1958 of the National Defense Education Act had brought to an end the debate over Federal aid to education. Readers of the following issue, however, were assured by Representative Stewart L. Udall of Arizona ("Our *Education* Budget Also Needs Balancing") that the debate is still very much alive.

In his article, the congressman ably sketched the current position of the three perennial antagonists—those who oppose all Federal aid to education, those who endorse short-term programs to meet specific needs, and those who advocate the assumption of a permanent Federal share in the costs of education.

In stating his conviction that the debate over the Federal role in education is far from ended, Mr. Udall speaks with the authority of a central participant and leader of the third group. At the same time, Mr. Moynihan is at least partially correct in that passage of the National Defense Education Act did achieve a significant victory for supporters of the second approach and a crushing—even mortal—defeat for the all-out opponents of Federal action. As one who had a considerable part in that engagement, I can perhaps, by a brief account of the circumstances and thinking which led to enactment of the NDEA, shed some light on the issues still to be resolved.

It is important, first, to dispel Moynihan's basic assumption that the NDEA was a hastily improvised response to the general alarm over American education touched off in the fall of 1957 by the launching of the Soviet earth satellites. To believe this is to fail to recognize the educational deficiencies that the NDEA is aimed at correcting, and thus to underrate its potential contribution to the national interest.

Actually, the origins of the NDEA are traceable back at least as far as the 1955 White House Conference on Education. For more than a decade, indeed, educators and leaders in government and in private life had documented the need for action to stimulate the early identification of talent, strengthen instruction in mathematics and science, promote the learning of languages and improved language teaching, expand graduate education in all fields, and further educational research and data collection. The act's most immediate progenitor, however, was a program drawn up by a task force organized by Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Marion B. Folsom in June of 1957 to review the recommendations of the President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School. By the time the first Soviet Sputnik soared into orbit, this task force (of which I was a member) had already drafted a series of legislative proposals based on the committee's findings. Most of the present provisions of the NDEA derive from those proposals.

The real effect of the Sputniks, therefore, was not to stimulate a frantic scramble to put together some kind of an education package but to create a genuine prospect that the program being completed by the HEW task force could actually be enacted. By jolting the complacency of the American people, the Soviet satellites accomplished what educators, study commissions, and legislative committees had been striving for years to bring about. For the first time, national action to overcome acknowledged educational deficiencies had become a concrete possibility.

PRECISELY because the programs it established *are* critically needed, the National Defense Education Act has thus far met with an overwhelmingly enthusiastic response. As the first year of its operation comes to a close, some sixty-five per cent of the 2,000 institutions of higher education—representing over eighty per cent of the nation's full-time college enrollment—are participating in the student loan program. The full authorized number of one thousand first-year fellowships has been awarded for study in 323 new or expanded Ph.D. programs. Thousands of children in elementary and secondary schools of forty-seven states have benefited from the first allotment of funds under the programs to strengthen instruction in mathematics, science, and modern languages. Some sixty counseling and guidance institutes and sixteen institutes for the training of modern-language teachers have been established throughout the country. All forty-nine states are participating in the testing, guidance, and counseling programs and the area vocational educational program for training scientific technicians. Forty-three states have submitted plans for improvement of their statistical services. Eighty projects have been approved for research into the more effective use of communications media in teaching.

The only aspect of the act to receive a measure of unfavorable response is the loyalty-oath requirement, whose insertion in the student loan and fellowship titles without due consideration was in marked contrast to the close scrutiny accorded the other provisions of the bill. Legislation to eliminate the oath—a requirement justly criticized by the academic community—is now before Congress and is being supported by the administration.

Even as the act is operating to correct specific educational deficiences, the debate continues in Congress over the manner in which the next most urgently needed Federal step will be taken in education—notably, action to meet the need for additional classrooms. (School-construction legislation had, indeed, been regarded as the form of Federal aid to education most likely to succeed in 1958 until the Little Rock crisis fanned the bitter controversy over school desegregation and for the time being rendered any Congressional action a practical impossibility. This, in fact, was an important reason why the administration decided to defer its own school-construction recommendations last year and give first priority instead to the alternative proposals which were to be substantially embodied in the NDEA.)

As Representative Udall predicts, "Aid to education will be one of the prime issues in the 1960 campaign." Discussion, however, no longer centers on the question of whether or not there will be Federal aid. Rather, the debate has shifted to the two factions who agree that there should be Federal aid but who divide sharply over the form in which it is to be provided. Should it come in concentrated short-term programs to meet specific national needs—the approach typified by the NDEA—or should the government simply assume a permanent share of the total costs of public elementary and secondary education without further regard to the purposes for which its funds are used?

The case for the latter alternative, as Representative Udall explained, rests on the proposition that the Federal tax base is the broadest and most equitable means of financing the unmet needs of education in communities whose tax resources are strained to the limit.

It is of course a fact that state and local resources are severely strained and that efforts to squeeze more money out of the real-estate tax and other forms of state and local taxation are daily becoming more difficult. At the same time it is also important to understand that what the traffic will bear in the way of state and local taxation is largely a matter of the popular assessment of relative values. We can afford what we want to afford. It simply is not true that state and local tax resources cannot stand any additional load for public elementary and secondary education when the average amount annually expended for these purposes in this country represents only about three per cent of the national income.

It should be recognized, however, that the argument for utilizing the Federal tax base as being the broadest and most equitable is one which, carried to

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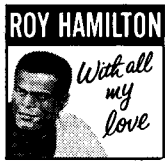

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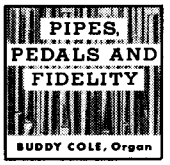

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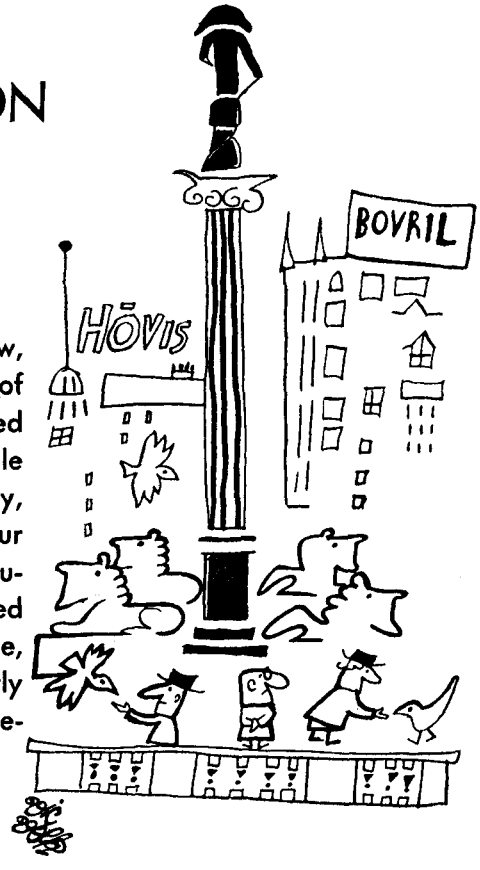

As our regular readers know, two nonconsecutive issues of The Reporter are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this July 23 issue your next copy will be dated August 20. That will be followed by the September 17 issue, when our regular fortnightly publishing schedule will be resumed.

its logical extreme, would lead to the virtual abandonment of state and local government. At stake, ultimately, is the belief that the limited, sometimes inefficient, but time-honored institutions of state and local government are worth preserving because of the very fact that they *are* diverse—that they *are* local—that they *are* close to us.

Rather than relying on massive, permanent Federal help for the solution of our educational problems, the alternative of specific short-term assistance offers a means to meet each problem individually, with all available resources —Federal, state, local, and private—contributing to the solution in varying degrees according to the nature of the task at hand. Those who support this alternative believe that in the long run it will provide a greater total concentration of resources with inevitably greater effectiveness. They find strength, further, in the awareness that this alternative has been tried—and proven—by the long tradition and history of Federal aid to education.

We are not required, therefore, to choose either between a massive, permanent program and no Federal action or between willingness to risk the weakening of state and local responsibility and a negative response to the needs of education. This was demonstrated last year by enactment of the NDEA. It is made evident this year by the administration's two principal proposals in the field of education. Both are four-year programs aimed at construction needs, and both embody an installment-grant feature resting on the recognition that expenditures for capital outlay can appropriately be spread over a long period.

The final outcome of the debate over general and permanent versus specific and temporary Federal aid to education is bound to have important implications not only for our educational system but for our whole governmental structure. At this stage in the proceedings, however, only one thing is clear: the dedication of sufficient national resources to the needs of education can be achieved only as the American people come to realize the vital dependence of our future security on our educational system. The new-found concern about education that swept the country after the launching of the first Russian satellite stirred the growth of such a realization. There is encouraging reason, moreover, to believe that the nation has not yet gone back to sleep after its great educational awakening of 1957. Whatever may come in the way of other legislation, the NDEA will play an important part in stimulating and reinforcing the public resolve to make our educational system a superlative vehicle for individual development and democratic advancement.

ELLIOT L. RICHARDSON

To the Editors: Mr. Moynihan's second look at the school panic is a challenging one. I cringe at the thought that in

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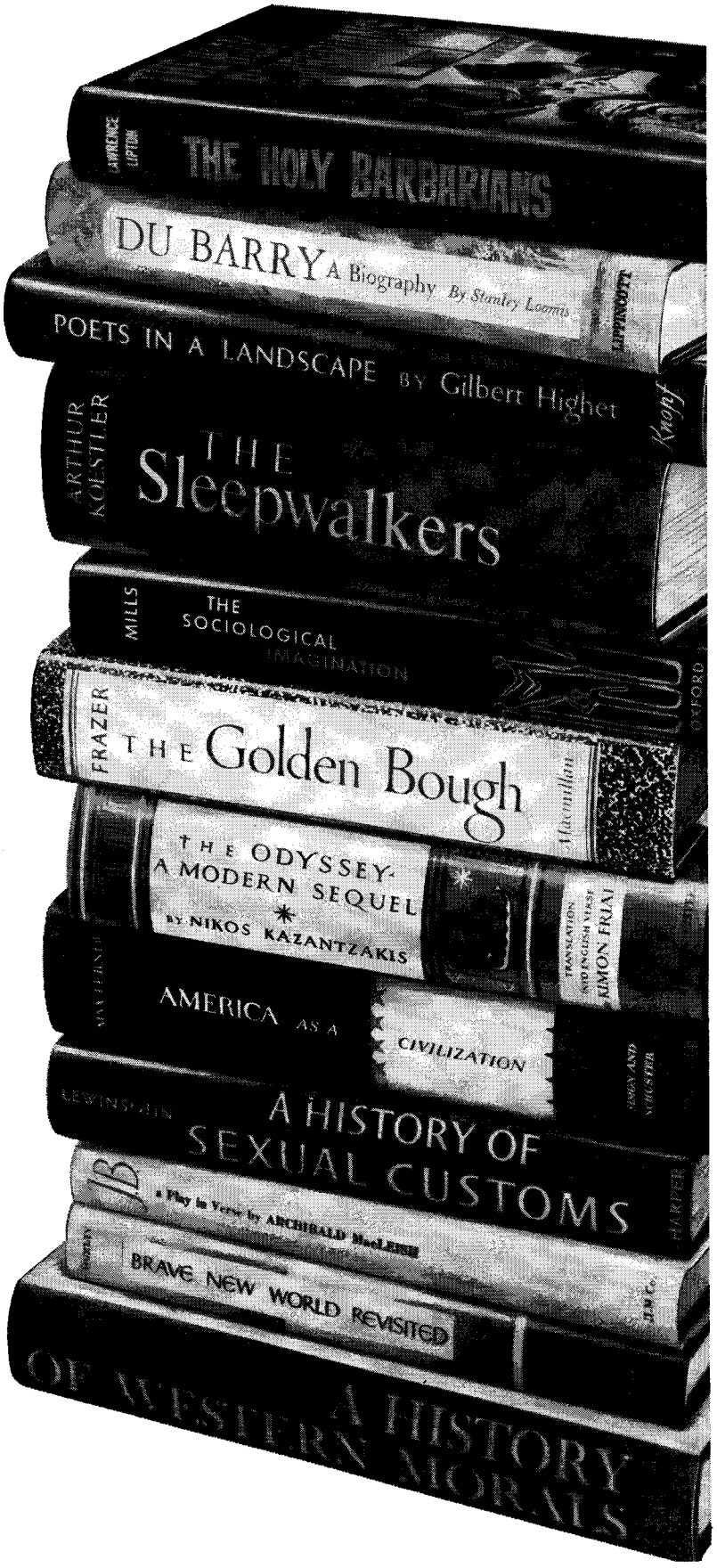

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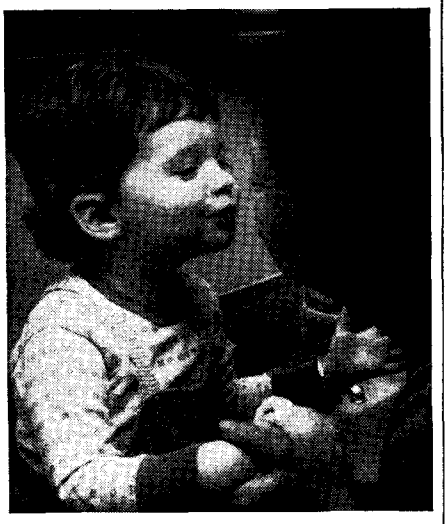

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fourteen years my son may apply for a Federal loan or grant and wonder why I have reservations about the use of Federal funds for this purpose.

Mrs. Seiki Oshiro
Falls Church, Virginia

To the Editors: Although I may not agree with all the views expressed in Mr. Moynihan's article, I do believe he did a good job in trying to present both sides of the issue. From my point of view, it would be a good thing if the millions of Americans who will be affected by increasing Federal aid to education would take this close a look at the factors involved in this unfortunate policy.

Barry Goldwater
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Where we have stumbled and fallen flat on our national face, at least from my limited horizon, is in basic education. The beginning, the nourishing of the mind's roots where seeking and wanting begin. . . . For the one child who becomes a scientist at a national cost of probably $50,000, as a conservative estimate, there will probably be fifty to a hundred lost for all time because of the blundering, grist-mill approach at the level where an educated person is born: in the six years of elementary school.

Evelyn E. Rawley
Twentynine Palms
California

To the Editors: Mr. Moynihan's excellent article on the Defense Education Act forcefully brings into focus the problem of social values. Science is but a carefully refined tool to be used, it is hoped, by men of vision and concern. To hone further this important tool without increased refinement and awareness of the goals it is being employed to serve is an excellent example of our feverish concentration on easily measured technical achievement at a time when the luxury of drift in our moral purpose is no longer defensible or possible.

Robert L. Forbes
Assistant Professor of Education
Ohio University
Athens, Ohio

To the Editors: If my mathematician husband had not challenged his very unmathematical wife to spot the error, I never would have noticed that the teacher pictured above Mr. Moynihan's story forgot to close the parenthesis and used a minus sign instead of a plus sign in line four of his equation. Or perhaps he is correcting the work of a student who has been educated in a life-adjustment school?

Ellen Greenberger
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editors: A second look at the blackboard on page 14 of the June 11 issue disclosed that the prof had sinned on a minus sign in the second equality on the fourth line.

Joseph T. Armstrong
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor

(We are pleased to note that the volume of mail we have received on the plus sign that became a minus sign clearly indicates that most of our readers are better mathematicians than we are.)

WE *CAN* DO SOMETHING

To the Editors: The article "Let Me Know If I Can Do Anything" by Rabbi Joseph R. Rosenbloom in the June 25 *Reporter* points up the frustrations that are experienced in working with drug addicts.

Although they state that they are anxious to discontinue drug use, they appear to be unable to follow through on their professed intentions. The compulsion to use drugs takes precedence over all other considerations. Despite this, it is important that efforts be continued in their behalf and that they receive the opportunity to withdraw from drug use and that medical and ancillary services be available to them. There is every reason to believe that with continued assistance many of them will decrease their drug use and in some cases remain abstinent for prolonged periods of time.

Rafael R. Gamso, M.D.
Riverside Hospital
North Brother Island
New York

To the Editors: Mr. Rosenbloom gives us a frightening glimpse of the world our hypocritical laws force a narcotics addict to live in. Addiction is a disease, and we are not going to cure it merely by punishing its victims without in most cases offering them any medical assistance—Lexington is the only Federal hospital devoted to narcotics addiction and doctors are not allowed to treat addicts privately. By condemning the addict out of hand we give him no alternative but to descend into a half-world populated by people who prey on his weakness and governed by international crime syndicates.

It seems to me we should give some consideration to the British system, under which addicts may register with a doctor, who will prescribe controlled amounts of narcotics according to the degree of addiction and the possibility of cure—a possibility that varies from case to case. By facing the facts of narcotics addiction, the British have struck at its foulest product—the drug-peddling rings—and have made it possible for a person who has contracted the disease to retain some self-respect and to continue living in a healthy community while being treated by responsible men instead of being forced into the company of people suffering from the same disease living under a criminal tyranny.

J. L. Tompkinson
New York

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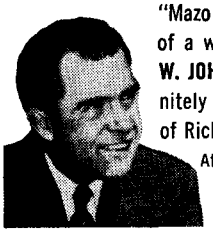

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THE REPORTER
136 East 57th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP of Senator J. W. Fulbright, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has undertaken "a full and complete study of U.S. foreign policy." A number of projects have been farmed out to universities and other centers of specialized scholarship, but it was also decided, quite sensibly it seems to us, to consult a group of men who already know more than anyone else about the subject—those members of our diplomatic corps who have been charged with carrying out U.S. foreign policy at points around the world where our power and prestige are tested every day of the year. The Fulbright Committee thought it would be a good idea to get the views of chiefs of diplomatic missions now on active duty, but the State Department did not agree. Fortunately, there are a number of eminent men retired from the Foreign Service, some of them still young, who are able to speak freely. As **Max Ascoli** notes in his editorial, the pamphlet in which the opinions of these diplomats were set forth gives impressive evidence of the degree to which the editorial views of this magazine are shared by some of the nation's most competent foreign-policy experts.

THERE IS no better way of whetting the appetite for justice than by feeding it in small doses. As **Paul Jacobs** points out, the American Negro community has made remarkable strides during the past years—with the result that it has become more acutely conscious than ever of its still laggard state, and more militantly determined than ever to achieve the greatest possible measure of equality. This new militancy has given rise to new problems, particularly as concerns the relations of Negroes with some of their traditional allies; Mr. Jacobs, a staff writer, describes the present tension between two such long-time allies as the N.A.A.C.P. and the AFL-CIO.

Peregrine Worsthorne, who attempts to put in perspective the current British excitement over the question of unilateral nuclear disarmament, is with the *Daily Telegraph* in London. . . . **Haldore Hanson,** until recently an economic adviser to the government of Burma, is completing his sixth tour of Southeast Asia. . . . **Edwin L. Dale, Jr.,** a member of the New York *Times* Washington staff, specializes in economic matters. . . . **Gilberto Freyre,** whose latest book, *New World in the Tropics* (Knopf), was reviewed in our March 19 issue by Adolf A. Berle, Jr., is the author of a sociological classic, *The Masters and the Slaves,* characterized by Mr. Berle as "an epic of vivid writing and human compassion." . . . **William L. Rivers,** a native of Florida, who is now in Washington on a grant from the Fund for Adult Education, is a former newspaperman, Congressional Fellow, and university instructor.

Lois Phillips Hudson, a young writer living in California, has been informing our readers about the forces of nature in the Midwest for some time now. Her reminiscences include "The Dust Storm" (April 4, 1957), "The Cold Wave" (February 6, 1958), and "Children of the Harvest" (October 16, 1958). . . . **Marya Mannes,** who ventures here into verse under her own name, is familiar to our readers in her capacity as "Sec." Her collected *Subverse,* illustrated by Robert Osborn, has been published by Braziller. . . . **Norbert Muhlen,** the author of *The Return of Germany* (Regnery), made his last *Reporter* appearance with "The Young Germans and the New Army" (January 13, 1955). . . . **Cynthia Grenier's** observations on new developments in European moviemaking appear in the New York *Times,* the *Times* of London, and *L'Express,* as well as in French, English, and German film publications. . . . **Hilton Kramer** is the editor of *Arts* magazine. . . . **Alfred Kazin** and **Steven Marcus** regularly comment on books for us.

Our cover and the drawings that illustrate Paul Jacobs's article are by **John Wilson.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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The Silent Diplomats Speak Out

THE AMERICAN DIPLOMAT—that most underprivileged among men in positions of eminence—at long last has had his say. Fifty retired Foreign Service officers have been asked by the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate to state what they think of the present conduct of our policies. About half of those questioned replied, and a compilation of their letters has been issued in an eighty-one-page Congressional pamphlet.

It is a pity that publications of this kind don't make best sellers, for these retired diplomats have much to say, and say it well. Their thoughts, sometimes bitter, have been nursed during long, aggravating years of service (or was it exile?) in foreign lands. Each retired diplomat speaks for yet does not identify himself. The American diplomat is traditionally voiceless, but in this case voicelessness has been traded in for facelessness—a condition that some of those who spoke out have gladly accepted, while others seem not to mind having their names mentioned although their particular contributions are not identified. Among these, according to the Foreign Relations Committee, are such men as Norman Armour, Charles W. Thayer, Myron Cowen, and Stanley Woodward.

There is a weird, ghostly quality about the whole thing, and if some radio or TV producer could be inspired by it, he would render a service to the nation. Vigorous, authoritative voices come from behind a curtain, sometimes sharply contradicting each other, sometimes synchronized as in a chorus by common experiences and common resentments. "The Secretaryship of State," says one, "is considered a great political plum and has been used, for example, to reward the political services of a William Jennings Bryan. In later years, the Secretary of State has been the whipping boy of public opinion and the prime target of the opposition. The Department of State itself has invariably been regarded with either disfavor or antipathy by both the White House and Congress. This is doubtless due to its having a large number of career functionaries and relatively few jobs for political patronage."

That man certainly spoke for all his brethren. Every young officer in the armed services can, and not without reason, nurture the hope of reaching for as many as five stars—if not even higher. But a young diplomat cannot possibly dream of becoming Secretary of State. Christian Herter, who started his career as a Foreign Service officer, is now in command of our Foreign Service for he had the good luck to resign from it. Moreover, a professional diplomat, even when most successful, can scarcely acquire any of those convertible specializations that can pave the way to a rewarding job, as is the case with many high officers of the armed services. It is rumored that Ambassador Bohlen might become an exception to this rule. Should this happen, it would crown a career made exceptional by outstanding merits and by the vicious persecution of which he has been the object.

Anti-Communism Is Not Enough

Our professional diplomats, too, are supposed to be specialists, but only in furthering the interests of our country beyond its borders. "I think," says one, "that an effort to place domestic and foreign policies in separate categories results in confusion, at best, and often in failure." Another, who doesn't seem to speak only for himself, points out that "It is not our mission to make good democrats of foreigners or to convert them to our way of thinking." In other words, we cannot project abroad the same ideologies or foibles that we have gotten used to here at home.

"In some more advanced countries," says one, "the longing for security combined with increased standards of education and living are strengthening the supporters of Socialist programs such as welfare and social security measures. . . . In Scandinavia the socialists are in power. In England, they constantly threaten the conservative government. Even in free-enterprise Germany the Adenauer régime owes much of its success to its appropriation of social democratic programs . . . . To a large section of American thought these forces, socialism, nationalism and state capitalism are mistrusted and their sponsors suspect. In Europe, for example, socialism is regarded by many Americans as akin to communism. . . . On the other hand, accidents, even mistakes of history have allied the United States in some areas with petty rulers who oppose these trends, and are therefore often regarded as stanch allies and even on occasion are given a determinant role in the formulation of American policy as in the case of Chiang Kai-shek in the periodic Formosa Straits crises. . . . That the United States, the

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traditional defender of free institutions, should thus be cast in the role of Louis XIV with the most reactionary of régimes posing as the champion of liberty among the new nations, is by no means exclusively the achievement of Soviet propaganda. The moralistic attitude of some American policymakers and the urge to make over the world in the American image combined with a puritanical zeal to stamp out Marxian socialism have substantially contributed to the development."

On the massive-retaliation theory and on what it has done both to our strategy and our diplomacy: "The policy in force since 1953 of cutting back on our conventional arms finds us now in the paradoxical position of being disarmed by our arsenal of nuclear weapons—disarmed, because we cannot use them as a credible riposte to the sort of probing operations the Russians are conducting at Berlin. And since we are disarmed in a sense by our nuclear straitjacket, our diplomacy lacks vigor. . . . If Western Europe is the place to plant our economic-military-diplomatic lever for use in moving objects elsewhere, it follows that we want a live Europe instead of a dead one. And from this it follows that a military policy that reaches for nuclear weapons as its main ingredient, is a self-defeating policy, in that it guarantees a dead Europe. Moreover, a military policy tailored to the concept of 'limited nuclear war' is also a policy which is likely to lose us our European allies. For what this notion comes down to is confession that America and Russia realize that the nuclear weapons are too dangerous to use against each other. Hence they will be used against Europe or on European terrain alone."

The only alliance that really counts is NATO, but "As far as one out of official position can judge, we are placing too much reliance on ineffective, weak, 'paper' alliances of a military nature. I have in mind SEATO and the Baghdad Pact, as examples. These are provocative, without adding commensurate military strength." Moreover, "Even in the case of NATO," another says, "it has always been my strongly held belief, and one which I formerly put forward officially as often and as forcefully as I could, that a purely military alliance is the weakest kind, held together only by fear and subject to the fluctuations of that emotion."

The need to subordinate strategy to diplomacy, the awareness that generals and admirals are at their best when kept in their place, is forcefully voiced: "Bismarck's greatness was illuminated by his ability to hold the Prussian generals in check and subordinate the military machine to foreign policy objectives. In World War II, we had no Bismarck. Much of the evil that came out of it stemmed from the paramount influence of the Armed Forces in setting war objectives."

The overemphasis on military considerations tends to make the diplomat somewhat superfluous, but Washington, as a consolation, has given him the job of co-ordinating superfluous bureaucrats. "The number of Government employees overseas has, I think, passed all bounds of reason," says one. "...Every professional diplomat with whom this writer has discussed the problem in the past years has complained that his staff is anywhere from 40 to 60 per cent too large. . . . The embassies cannot, however, be cut back until the Washington agencies which swamp them with questionably useful assignments are themselves curtailed. . . . One wonders how many periodic reports, slots, divisions, and even bureaus at home and abroad would die unsung and unmissed if the personnel involved were simply dropped."

Big Brother Is Still There

The multiplication of government agencies at home and abroad, the constantly growing inflation of personnel, comes to a large extent from our cult of collective thinking, our ingrained belief that a proper decision on any issue can be reached only after the holding of a meeting where conflicting opinions are ironed out. "A great disability of the government is the growing habit of discussing any question that may arise in a meeting. These meetings are too frequently inconclusive. One meeting begets another and often the result is collective irresponsibility."

However, the diplomat abroad had better take his position as overseer of superfluity quietly. He also had better send reports to the State Department not likely to hurt the feelings of those who will read them. "It is common knowledge in the Department of State and in the Foreign Service that Foreign Service officers have been reprimanded and even heavily penalized for making reports or recommendations unpalatable to certain persons in the Department and that they have been ordered not to repeat the offense. . . . This situation and this attitude are said to be characteristic of the Soviet foreign service also." Moreover, the maniacal concern with security of the McCarthy-McLeod era has now become routine; it is less feverish, less brutal, but, as one diplomat puts it, "it must not be forgotten that the security program has become institutionalized. There is a large organized body of men in the Department of State—I have no knowledge of their present number but they were several hundreds a few years ago—whose sole business is to spy upon and report upon their colleagues and associates."

THE VOICE of one man rings strikingly firm: "We have suffered severely, in my opinion, from a lack of authoritative leadership in foreign affairs. In our system only the President can give such leadership. . . . Moral leadership and political leadership depend on having a policy, enunciating it clearly, strikingly, and often at the top, and pursuing it relentlessly. In these respects, we have been less than wholly successful."

With this exemplary diplomatic understatement our series of quotes ends. We always suspected it, but now we are sure of it: for years in our appraisal of foreign affairs we have frequently expressed ideas shared by some of the nation's most thoughtful diplomats—both retired and on active service.

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The Negro Worker Asserts His Rights

A new militancy troubles an old alliance

PAUL JACOBS

"What's new?"

"Same old story, white man's ahead, niggers bringing up the rear."

All over the United States there are Negroes who privately greet each other with some variation of this theme. But while once it was a bitter acknowledgment of the white world's habit of keeping Negroes in their place, today it is a call to arms. "Cap'n Charlie," the all-powerful white man, is still ahead, but the rear ranks are determined to catch up.

"We're tired of having to be taken care of by the good white folks," declared a Negro auto worker in Detroit, announcing his candidacy for union office. "From now on, we're going to take care of ourselves."

It is necessary "to remove the iron hand of reactionarism from the throat of Congress and give this nation real democracy, something it has never had," demanded a Negro newspaper, reflecting the increasing impatience of seventeen million American Negroes.

And in Daly City, California, a lower-middle-class suburb of San Francisco, a forty-year-old Negro, who says he mostly wants "peace of mind," has filed a complaint with the city Fair Employment Practices Commission against the Bartenders Union, charging that the union will not accept him into membership.

"Seems like the white folks just want you to be satisfied with a little and not get what you're supposed to have," says the bartender. "They tell you to be quiet, keep peaceful, but I'm tired of not getting decent pay for my work and not having any security on the job. Bartending isn't so great, but it's my trade and I'm good at it. And I think I should be allowed to get in the union just like anyone else."

These protests are typical of a new militancy among American Negroes, a fundamental change that has surprised and even alarmed many white liberals who had complacently assumed that the struggle for Negro rights was their own special cause.

THERE ARE far fewer lynchings today than there were fifty years ago; and so, inevitably, when the murderers of Emmett Till and Matt Parker walk along Southern streets free and unpunished, there is far greater anger among Negroes. More accustomed than their ancestors to believe that their persons are protected by law, Negroes are more likely now to respond to brutal unpunished lynchings as did that N.A.A.C.P. leader in North Carolina who called, in an unguarded but probably honest moment, for Negroes to resist violence with violence. Even though he was immediately censured and suspended by the national N.A.A.C.P., there is no doubt that he voiced a sentiment felt by many, many more N.A.A.C.P. members than its leaders would like to admit. It seems that when a minority group's aspirations are raised, the group becomes even more insistent on achieving the new level as quickly and as completely as possible.

Because more Negroes can now afford to move from their slum ghettos into better white neighborhoods, and some do, there is even greater resentment that most Negroes are denied the opportunity. "Thank the people of San Francisco for letting you buy this house," star Giant outfielder Willie Mays was urged after the resistance he had met in purchasing a home in a white neighborhood had been overcome. "What do I have to thank anybody for?" Mays is reported to have answered. "For letting me spend $40,000?"

Because Negroes are now determined to have the opportunities in reality that they have been told are open to them in theory, a new self-confidence and aggressiveness have been building up inside the Negro community. It is ironic, though not at all mysterious, that some of this should spill over into conflict with liberal organizations that have been traditionally benevolent toward the Negro's aspirations. The Negro is no longer satisfied with paternal assistance—he demands his equal rights. The recent ugly quarrel between the N.A.A.C.P. and the AFL-CIO is an important case in point.

N.A.A.C.P. vs. AFL-CIO?

At the founding convention of the AFL-CIO, in 1955, George Meany amiably described the N.A.A.C.P. as the organization that "brought to a successful conclusion twenty months ago a long campaign to end segregation in the public schools of America." Three years later, the N.A.A.C.P. lashed out at the Federation, publicly proclaiming that the AFL-CIO, in spite of its stated intentions and written constitution, had not ended "a variety of discriminatory racial practices" engaged in by

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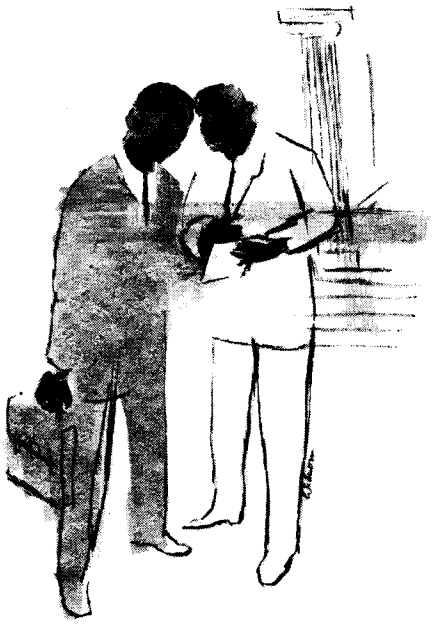
not just a few but "many" unions. "All too often," charged Herbert Hill, N.A.A.C.P. labor secretary, "there is a significant disparity between the declared public policy of the national AFL-CIO and the day-to-day reality as experienced by Negro wage earners in the North as well as in the South."

That disparity is not new. What is new, in recent years, is the N.A.A.C.P.'s attitude toward it. The struggle against racial discrimination in the American labor movement has been long and difficult. Furthermore it has not been pursued with any great vigor within the unions, except in some of the old CIO groups and a few outstanding AFL internationals. In 1891 Samuel Gompers, founder of the AFL, called for the forming of unions "which shall recognize no color line," but he had little success in persuading many of the unions that sought affiliation with the Federation to admit Negroes to membership. The Federation felt that it could not force its affiliates to accept conditions imposed from the top—a feeling with considerable basis in the reality of power distribution. When, therefore, it was faced with the choice of accepting a union that excluded Negroes or not granting affiliation because of racial discrimination, the "lily-white" group was invariably admitted.

For many years practically nothing was done within the Federation to solve this problem. Bored delegates to its conventions would walk about the hall and corridors, chatting with one another, while A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, made his annual impassioned speech appealing (in vain) to the convention for the opening of union doors to Negro workers. Then, very slowly —sometimes under pressure from government agencies, as during the wars, sometimes because of court rulings, sometimes because of competition from the CIO unions organizing the mass-production industries, and occasionally because of a decision to do the right thing—the AFL unions began to eliminate formal racial-exclusion clauses from their constitutions and to admit some Negroes into membership. According to the N.A.A.C.P., however, many still keep Negroes out by a variety of covert screening devices; or if they do allow Negroes to join, permit them to work only at the most menial jobs.

Today, only a few unions still exclude Negroes in their constitutions. One of these is the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, whose bylaws provide that an applicant for membership "shall be white, male, sober, industrious and of good moral character." Some of the N.A.A.C.P.'s present bitterness toward the AFL-CIO stems from the fact that when the BRT was admitted into the merged labor group in 1957, Federation officials exacted a promise from the union, as a condition of admittance,



that it would give thought to eliminating the racial-exclusion clause at its next scheduled convention, then set for 1958. That convention has since been postponed to 1962, and the exclusion of Negroes will certainly continue until then—at least.

AT THE TIME the merger convention took place, some of the old CIO chiefs probably expected that most union racial-exclusion practices would soon disappear. These expectations were also shared by Negro workers, who thought that since the Supreme Court had ordered integration in the highly sensitive and difficult area of public education, the unions would all the more readily and willingly follow suit. In 1956, the Negro president of a segregated Railway Clerks local in Tulsa asked for the elimination of his local and its merger with a white one in the same city, confident, he said, that "Since the schools of our city and state have integrated without incident, we are sure the same would happen between our Lodges." But by April, 1959, when nothing had yet been accomplished to bring about the integration of the two locals, the lodge president had so little confidence left that an N.A.A.C.P. attorney in Oklahoma filed suit against the Railway Clerks to force integration of the two locals. The fact that the president of the Railway Clerks is George Harrison, a respected member of the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee who has been a U.S. delegate to the United Nations, does not mollify the bitterness among Negro workers.

During the first few years after the merger, the AFL-CIO was not able to pay much attention to the problem of abolishing discrimination. A Civil Rights Committee had been set up with James B. Carey, president of the International Union of Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers, as chairman and Boris Shishkin, who held two other jobs as well, as executive director. The great internal stresses and strains of the new organization handicapped the committee's work, as Meany and other leaders wrestled with the difficulties inherent in bringing together a large group of ambitious, thin-skinned union officers who held widely differing philosophies and who still bore ancient jurisdictional grudges.

Almost as a physical symbol of the contradiction between the Federation's stated policy and its actual practice, Negro mechanics were not permitted to work on the construction of the new AFL-CIO headquarters in Washington because of the discriminatory rules of an Electrical Workers local and other building-trade unions.

The Negroes Join the N.A.A.C.P.

But while the new AFL-CIO was trying to solve its internal problems, a task not made any easier by the public ones posed for it by the McClellan investigations, the N.A.A.C.P. was solving some problems of its own. Before the postwar Supreme

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Court decisions on housing and schools, the organization was probably better known among whites than among Negroes. Founded by whites in 1909, the N.A.A.C.P. originally had only one Negro staff member and a predominantly white board. Today, the reverse is true; Negroes in the organization far outnumber the whites. (The traditional dominance of white leadership is memorialized in the practice of having the presidency held by a white man.) For many years, the N.A.A.C.P. was a headquarters operation, dominated by the personality of Secretary Walter White, with very little base in the general Negro community. Its membership was primarily upper-middle-class intellectuals and professionals, people to whom the legal-and-lobbying orientation of the organization had a natural appeal.

"The N.A.A.C.P. does not have a mass basis," wrote Ralph Bunche in 1940. "It has never assumed the proportions of a crusade, nor has it ever, in any single instance, attracted the masses of people to its banner. It has not impressed upon the mass consciousness, and it is a bald truth that the average Negro in the street has never heard of the Association nor of any of its leaders."

Walter White himself admitted, "There are weaknesses in our branch structure and we have not yet found the formula for selling to the public the nature, the extent, the details and the significance of the Association's program"; while Roy Wilkins, his successor, recognized "our lack of skill at mass appeal." But the lack of mass support among Negroes, the weak branches and the limited professional staff, were not insuperable handicaps to the legal and legislative objectives. Thurgood Marshall and the N.A.A.C.P. legal staff were preparing themselves for their series of victories in the Supreme Court; and, under White, the N.A.A.C.P. did its lobbying and legislative work on behalf of Negro rights as part of the liberal-labor constellation.

But after its Supreme Court victories, especially in the school case, thousands of Negroes began looking to the N.A.A.C.P. for leadership and guidance. It was its own legal victories that accelerated the N.A.A.C.P.'s shift into other areas. Today, the N.A.A.C.P. membership has grown greatly, even in those Southern states where it is dangerous for a Negro to be known as a member. More and more Negro workers have joined it, and membership has be-

come more and more of a prerequisite for leadership roles within the Negro community. And as the Negro vote becomes increasingly important, the N.A.A.C.P. leaders and members have become aware of their political power and are beginning to exercise it.

The old N.A.A.C.P. is dead and nothing will bring it back to life. Now the N.A.A.C.P. is almost forced to lead Negroes in some directions it may not quite want to go, lest it end by merely following. This new militant N.A.A.C.P. is far more responsive to the economic and political aspirations of Negro workers than was the old middle-class organization.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT rate among Negro men is almost twice as high as that among whites. In any recession, Negroes are hit far harder than whites because so many Negroes work in manufacturing industries and have low seniority. In March, 1958, during the recession, more than fifteen per cent of male Negro workers were unemployed; and in November, 1958, when only 4.8 per cent of the white males were still unemployed, the corresponding figure for Negroes was 11.4 per cent.

Obviously, it is not just the unions that are to blame for Negro unemployment, since it is always the unskilled or semi-skilled workers who lose their jobs first in a recession. But the very fact that a high proportion of Negroes are still unskilled is partially the fault of the unions, particularly in the building trades and railroads, which refuse to admit them to membership.

Automation, too, is having a more severe impact on Negro employment than among whites, and here too the unions must bear some of the responsibility. When many unskilled jobs, held by Negroes, have been replaced by a smaller number requiring more skill, the white workers through their unions resist upgrading Negroes to the new jobs.

Theodore Pinkston of Cleveland is an electrician who learned his trade in the Army. Together with a few other Negroes, he applied for membership in Local 38 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. They were all refused. For eight years, the Negroes unsuccessfully attempted to gain admittance to the local. Both the Urban League and the N.A.A.C.P. were involved in the case, with N.A.A.C.P. labor secretary Herbert Hill making trips to Cleveland and attempting to work through the Federation's machinery. Nothing availed until the Cleveland Community Relations Board took legal action against the local and forced it to admit the Negro electricians. Even then, Pinkston, who started the case, was twice rejected on the ground that he was not qualified.

The very fact that Hill attempted to operate within the framework of the Federation made the N.A.A.C.P. subject to criticism within the Negro community. In Cleveland, the local Negro paper, reporting on the case, stated that "Hill was the major factor in the Cleveland Branch [of the N.A.A.C.P.] decision to stall for time while long-winded conferences and appeals filtered through Hill to George Meany, boss of the AFL-CIO merger."

Mr. Hill's Bill of Particulars

All over the country, according to the N.A.A.C.P., there were similar cases about which the AFL-CIO was doing nothing. Carey had resigned from the chairmanship of the Civil Rights Committee and been re-

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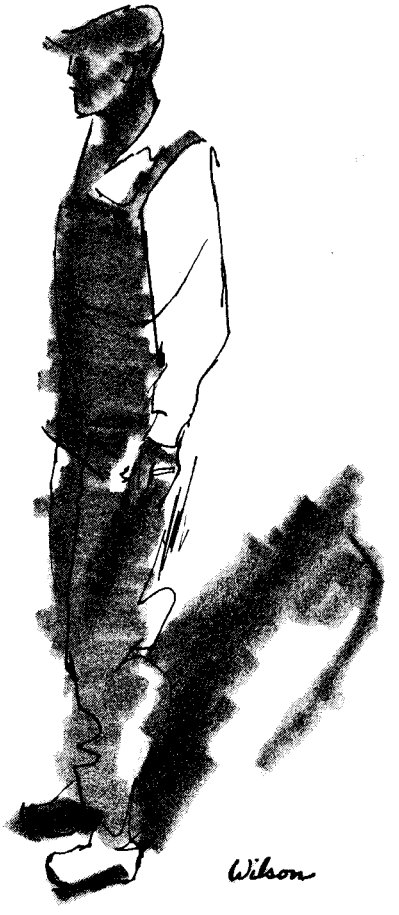
placed by Charles Zimmerman, a vice-president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and an old advocate of liberal causes. The pressures on the N.A.A.C.P. leaders were building up, and even the lobbying alliance between the AFL-CIO and the N.A.A.C.P. was beginning to show signs of strain. During the 1956 Congressional session, the N.A.A.C.P. supported Negro Representative Adam Clayton Powell's amendment to the school-construction bill—an amendment that prohibited the use of Federal funds to build segregated schools. The AFL-CIO lobbied against the Powell amendment, believing that even new segregated schools in the South were better than no schools at all. The school-construction bill failed to pass, and many union leaders felt that a major factor in its failure was the Southern Democrats' opposition to the Powell amendment. Charges of "irresponsible" leadership were privately made against the N.A.A.C.P. by labor lobbyists, and were responded to in kind.

THE PRIVATE QUARREL became more and more public as the months went by. In the judgment of the N.A.A.C.P.—leadership, very little was done by the AFL-CIO to solve or alleviate the problems of union discrimination against the Negroes. It was particularly rankling to the N.A.A.C.P., already under pressure from within the Negro community for showing "little zest" to do battle with the trade unions, that even in New York City segregation in local unions still existed. On April 30, 1957, the New York State Commission Against Discrimination ordered Negroes admitted into the all-white George M. Harrison Lodge of the Railway Clerks and called for its merger with the all-Negro Friendship Lodge. But just as the union refused in integrate in Tulsa, so it refused in New York City.

In May, 1958, Hill, with complaints from N.A.A.C.P. members and branches piling up on him, met with Boris Shishkin to discuss what action would be taken to solve the specific cases he had called to the Federation's attention.

By December, 1958, Hill, claiming that nothing had yet been done to clear up the complaints he had cited in May, sent a formal memorandum to Shishkin and Zimmerman summarizing the specific charges of discrimination made by N.A.A.C.P. members against unions. (The memo was not then made public, however.) Once again, the complaints of the N.A.A.C.P. included a number against Harrison's Railway Clerks.

The situation came to a head with a memorandum prepared last December by the N.A.A.C.P. for Barry Henderson of East St. Louis, Illinois, a member of Lodge 6115 of the Railway Clerks, in which Negro employees of the Wabash Railroad are segregated. According to the N.A.A.C.P. memorandum, "the system of segregated locals and segregated seniority rosters denies the Negro union members equal promotional rights and does serious harm to their economic status."



In this same memorandum, specific citations of discriminatory practices were made by N.A.A.C.P. members against a local of the Hod Carriers, charged with refusing to admit a Negro or to honor a traveling permit issued to him by another local of the same union; against a local of the Electrical Workers because it "has consistently refused to admit" a Negro into membership; against a local of the Plasterers that "maintains a rigid policy of excluding Negroes from membership"; and against a local of the Plumbers for limiting "membership to white persons exclusively." Charges of segregated seniority lists, "limiting Negro employment to laborer classifications and denying Negroes seniority and other rights," were made against locals of both the Paper Makers and the Pulp Workers. In the oil and chemical industry, according to the memorandum, similar complaints had been filed with the President's Committee on Government Contracts against local metal trades councils in Texas and Louisiana and locals of the Operating Engineers in Texas and Arkansas.

Even "In some industrial unions which generally maintain desirable civil rights policies, there is often found to be significant examples of discrimination and segregation at the work place," Hill charged, specifically calling Shishkin's attention to complaints against the Communications Workers of America for its contract with Western Electric in Greensboro, North Carolina, and against the Steelworkers for its contract with the Atlantic Steel Company in Atlanta.

"In addition to the Brotherhood of Firemen and Enginemen and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen which exclude Negroes by constitutional provision many international unions affiliated to the AFL-CIO continue to exclude Negroes by tacit consent and other AFL-CIO unions limit Negro membership in most instances to segregated or 'auxiliary' locals," stated Hill's memorandum. The unions he listed as carrying out these practices included the Railroad Telegraphers, Plumbers, Maintenance of Way Employees, Painters, Railway Carmen, Boilermakers, Electrical Workers (not Carey's but the old AFL), Railway Clerks, Pulp Workers, Sheet Metal Workers, Carpenters, and Paper Makers.

Mr. Meany Is Noncommittal

In November, 1958, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen had successfully defended in a

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Federal court its right to exclude Negroes, without any public reproach from the AFL-CIO. This further intensified the N.A.A.C.P.'s feeling that the Federation was ignoring its charges. Hill's memorandum to Shishkin was sent on to George Meany by Roy Wilkins, who wrote Meany that "For the past three years, the Association has cooperated diligently" with the AFL-CIO Civil Rights Department and with international unions but that "three years after the merger agreement there is clear evidence that many unions continue discriminatory racial practices.

"I am sure you realize," continued Wilkins to Meany, "that the N.A.A.C.P. is obligated to its own membership to press vigorously for the elimination of discriminatory practices within trade union organizations. In previous memoranda and in discussions with responsible AFL-CIO officials we have expressed our conviction that the problem is of such magnitude that it cannot be resolved by the present procedure of taking up random individual complaints. We believe discrimination can be eliminated only through a systematic program on the part of the leadership of the AFL-CIO to enforce its basic policy of non-discrimination throughout the organized labor movement."

Wilkins then informed Meany that the entire problem would be presented to the N.A.A.C.P.'s annual meeting on January 5, 1959, and might be "treated in a resolution" by the organization's board of directors that same day.

"We would be pleased to have any comment of yours which could be cited with our January 5 report on the situation as we see it," wrote Wilkins. The reply he received from Meany was completely noncommittal.

Hill's report to the annual meeting was then released and received widespread publicity. N.A.A.C.P. ACCUSES LABOR OF BIAS LAG was the New York *Times* headline, and similar captions appeared over stories or editorials in a variety of other newspapers and magazines. The Negro press all over the country naturally featured the N.A.A.C.P. attack even more prominently. Some sections of the Negro press even attacked Wilkins for his "apologetic approach" to Meany and described his letter of protest as being "extremely weak." The bitter attitude of the Negro press was given even greater impetus when a Virginia local of the Textile Workers was revealed to have been involved in the activities of the White Citizens Council there.

Weak letter or not, the publicity attendant upon its publication undoubtedly helped bring about a

meeting in March of Meany, Wilkins, A. Philip Randolph, and Hill at AFL-CIO headquarters. Following the meeting, a polite joint public statement was issued in which "The AFL-CIO assured the N.A.A.C.P. of its continuing determination to strive for elimination of discrimination in the American trade union movement . . ."

THE REACTION of many Negroes to the meeting between the N.A.A.C.P. and the AFL-CIO was not quite so polite. "We'd like to know who's kidding whom in the tete-a-tete between N.A.A.C.P. Secretary Roy Wilkins and AFL-CIO President George Meany," said the New York *Amsterdam News,* an influential Negro paper. "What we need here is action on the part of the AFL-CIO to eliminate discrimination in its ranks against Negroes," continued the editorial, which concluded: "All of us know what is wrong. What we are asking is that the AFL-CIO do something about it. And it goes without saying that we expect the N.A.A.C.P. not to swallow Mr. Meany's platitudes hook, line and sinker."

The problem of the Federation, as the labor leaders see it, is that with the best will in the world there is very little that can be done, short of expulsion, to force an affiliated international union or a local union of an international to end its discriminatory practices. The Civil Rights Department has no authority to impose penalties or to enforce compliance with the Federation constitution, which prohibits discrimination. All it can do is try to educate the leaders and members of the unions involved, a very slow process at best, and one that is made more complicated by some Negro local union leaders who also resist integration because of their own personal stake in segregated locals. The stubborn cases must be brought to the attention of the AFL-CIO executive board for possible action—with the only real penalty, expulsion, not likely to be used on this issue.

Mr. Zimmerman's Rebuttal

Charles Zimmerman, chairman of the AFL-CIO Civil Rights Committee, angrily replied to Hill's charges by stating that people "seriously interested in combating discrimination recognize that the real need is not for demagogy and denunciation but for greater cooperation in the common cause." Zimmerman also stated that some of Hill's charges were discovered to be distorted upon investigation. The AFL-CIO's record in the fight for Federal and state civil-rights legislation, said Zimmerman, "is very considerably better than that of the Republican Party or of the community as a whole."

As for the suggestion made in the Negro press that the case of the Textile Workers local in Virginia was "typical of what is happening in the AFL-CIO as a whole," Zimmerman fought back hard. "The fact is that the AFL-CIO has fought Virginia's 'massive resistance' policy. The fact is that the Virginia State AFL-CIO is integrated and has Negroes on its executive board. The fact is that the Texile Workers Union has taken a firm stand against segregation and the White Citizens Councils, even though it knew this invited serious difficulties for its organization throughout the South."

"It's very easy to expel unions," states Zimmerman, "but it's not the solution." Zimmerman defends the work done by his committee under

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difficult conditions and without great authority. "It's easy to be a hero," he says of Hill, "and get a lot of publicity with charges, but that doesn't solve any problems."

Zimmerman doesn't deny the existence of the situations pointed to by the N.A.A.C.P. But he replies: "The labor movement is part of the community. Union members don't become saints just because they take out union books. The influence of the community is stronger than that of the unions, especially in the South. We must change this outlook but it will take time. The very fact that there is a Civil Rights Committee is a recognition that the AFL-CIO knows there is a problem that must be solved. The big difficulty is in working out a solution."

Another big difficulty in the relations between the two groups lies in the fact that the unions *are* expected to behave differently than the rest of the community. They present themselves publicly as being motivated by social idealism. On this basis they requested aid, during the last election, from Negroes in beating off the attempt of employers to enact "right-to-work" legislation. But when any group asks for help or special status because it is a movement based on social ideals, it must be prepared to have demands made upon it to live up to those ideals. The fact that there are a few Negroes on union executive boards is no longer enough for either the Negroes or their organizations.

What Can Labor Do?

"The N.A.A.C.P. has always regarded the AFL-CIO as a friendly organization and still so regards it," says Roy Wilkins. "This does not mean that we regard it as being perfect or sacrosanct." Justifying his organization's charges against the Federation, he went on: "Our business is the treatment of Negro Americans in all walks of life, and the opening and widening of opportunities for them as citizens. Our business is the removal of discrimination stemming from race, religion, or national origin. In past years we have received directly from Negro members of the AFL-CIO, who are also members of chapters of the N.A.A.C.P., allegations of unfair treatment. For over three years, we have repeatedly presented these complaints to the AFL-CIO to little avail."

It's really not yet clear what the Federation can do. The N.A.A.C.P. maintains that it is not advocating the expulsion of unions which discriminate but only the taking of specific steps by internationals to move toward the elimination of segregated locals in the North as well as in the South; the abolition of separate racial seniority rosters in contracts; the opening of membership to Negroes in those unions which exclude them, either constitutionally or tacitly; and the establishment of effective union liaison with state and municipal fair-employment-practice commissions.

All of these things *could* be done, maintains Hill, and "Very few of them are being carried out by the Civil Rights Committee, which seems to mainly have the function of a public-relations operation. The record clearly shows that the Civil Rights Committee is totally unable to effectively eliminate the discriminatory practices on an ad hoc basis."

Whatever steps the Civil Rights Committee does take to abolish discrimination—and there is no doubt that it has accomplished some things—it is handicapped by the old AFL tradition of international unions

resisting any interference in their affairs from Federation headquarters. Although this attitude is changing somewhat, primarily as a result of the expulsion of the Teamsters, the feeling still remains, especially in old AFL craft unions where Negroes suffer most, that each union ought to be free to conduct its own affairs with regard to its own locals. Even in some of the former CIO unions, like the Textile Workers, whose Virginia local was associated with the White Citizens Council there, cracking down on the local can raise serious difficulties, especially when—as in this case—the existence of the entire union is being threatened by Southern employers.

With the best will in the world the AFL-CIO would surely find it difficult to give the N.A.A.C.P. all of what it wants. It is highly unlikely that any union will be expelled for continuing discriminatory practices, especially now that the Federation is faced with a shrinking rather than a growing membership. What is much more probable is that the uneasy alliance between the AFL-CIO and the N.A.A.C.P. will remain in effect, with the N.A.A.C.P. continuing to criticize and attack the Federation. As more and more Negroes become union members, the internal pressure from them will get stronger until some day a new crop of national and local union leaders will emerge—independent Negroes elected by union votes, instead of, as now, Negroes with positions on international staffs, dependent upon the administrations for their jobs.

In Daly City, the bartender is acquiring more and more of an edge in his voice when he discusses the complaint he has filed with the Fair Employment Practices Commission: "I want to be allowed to join the Bartenders Union because I know that unions are good for the working man. I don't care any more about working in some fancy hotel in downtown San Francisco; I got over that dream a long time ago. I don't care where I work any more just as long as I get paid decent wages instead of having to work for five or six dollars a day less than the union scale. Now I have to work two jobs sometimes just to make ends meet. But most of all, I want some security. I'm forty years old and I've got a seven-year-old kid. I don't want to worry about losing my job because one night I take in $300 for the man and the next night only $285. I don't want to have to sweat about what happened to the other $15 worth of business and think maybe I'll get canned because I don't con people into drinking more.

"That's why I filed the case against the Bartenders. I just got to have some peace of mind."

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Britain and the Bomb

To have or not to have, that is the question

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

LONDON

MOST OF US, at some time or other, have covered a finger with methylated spirit or lighter fuel and watched with momentary horror as the flames engulfed it, only to enjoy the relief of discovering that no damage had been done. Britain has just experienced a very similar sensation with the recent flare-up of anti-H-bomb agitation. For a few moments the body politic seemed ablaze. Politicians began to writhe in anticipation of pain—only to discover that the conflagration looked much worse than it felt. Indeed, as the flames subsided, the damage was seen to be nonexistent.

This, I think, is the inescapable conclusion to be drawn from the way in which both main political parties reacted to the astonishing vote of the giant and very right-wing National Union of General and Municipal Workers to ban both the manufacture of nuclear weapons and their use on British soil. On the face of it, this reversal of policy seemed to reflect a basic change in working-class opinion about the bomb. Here was the most conservative union in the country, representing the kind of solid good sense and rocklike patriotism for which Ernest Bevin was justly celebrated, urging the next Labour government not only to give up Britain's own deterrent but also to contract out of any share in NATO's thermonuclear strategy. Naturally the campaigners for nuclear disarmament believed that they were fast approaching the promised land. How could the Labour Party leadership resist them if its main support—the trade-union vote—cracked asunder at what was supposed to be the strongest point? Even more important, how could the Conservative Party, which also needs working-class votes, long remain uninfluenced by such spectacular evidence of how the ordinary, non-cranky, salt-of-the-earth man in the street was actually thinking?

No wonder, therefore, that commentators at home—and still more commentators abroad—began to wring their hands at the prospect of Britain going neutralist. The NUGMW vote seemed not merely a straw in a neutralist wind but a veritable flying haystack.

The Gimmicks of Gehenna

With the benefit of hindsight it is now possible to see that these prophets of woe were ludicrously wrong. Labour Party chief Hugh Gaitskell, with scarcely more than a skillful flick of the wrist, persuaded the Parliamentary Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress—including the leaders of the NUGMW—to repudiate unilateral nuclear disarmament and to give the next Labour government a completely free hand. The Conservative reaction was equally significant. Instead of trying to exploit the potential split in the Labour Party, Mr. Macmillan has wisely played down the significance of the events.

Still, it would be quite wrong to assume from these reactions to the NUGMW vote that the two main parties underestimate the degree to which Britain's current defense policy has lost popular support. Where, however, their leaders have proved themselves shrewder than most political commentators is in realizing that in terms of policy the so-called upsurge of "ban the bomb" feeling means almost precisely the opposite of what it seems to imply.

Far from suggesting that British opinion has gone soft and neutralist, it is the sign of a desire for Britain to exert itself in the world. Far from reflecting panic and pusillanimity, it marks a revival of responsible concern. The apparent success of the campaign for unilateral nuclear disarmament means not that a lot of people here want to exorcise the bomb out of existence but rather that a lot of people feel that Britain should use its possession of the bomb to gain a bigger say in the determination of western policy—especially defense policy. In France this kind of feeling has sparked a popular clamor to build an H-bomb; in Britain the impulse takes the form of a clamor to ban the bomb. But in neither case is the bomb itself the real issue.

IT IS NOT the bomb itself that Frenchmen want, but the nuisance value that accrues from the threat to build it; it is not the bomb itself that Britons *don't* want, but the nuisance value that accrues from the threat to get rid of it. Agitation about the bomb is only a means to an end: an increased national influence over western policy.

The campaign in Britain for nuclear disarmament no more suggests that public opinion here, in any real sense, has gone pacifist than the campaign in France for nuclear armament suggests that public opinion there, in any real sense, has gone bellicose. The British no more want a suicidal peace than the French want a suicidal war. In both cases the desire is to draw attention, by the most dramatic and provocative means, to a general dissatisfaction with the present arrangements for the defense of western Europe.

It is true that an eloquent minor-

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ity in Britain, led by Bertrand Russell, do genuinely want unilateral nuclear disarmament. But their numbers are negligible. The majority in the "ban the bomb" movement, whose numbers are not negligible—as the NUGMW vote so amply demonstrated—want something quite different. They want a nuclear policy that takes into consideration the many plausible objections to current British defense orthodoxy. Although this is certainly a challenge to the party leaders to reopen the defense debate, it is not, as it was initially taken to be, a demand that the basic terms of reference for the debate should be radically altered. This is why the seeming success of the unilateral disarmers has left both Macmillan and Gaitskell unruffled.

This is not to say that the politicians can simply ignore the current manifestations and continue with their old policies unchanged. The campaign has sparked a genuine debate about how, within the context of the great deterrent, Britain can best serve the common interest. It has convinced the ordinary voter that Britain's possession of the H-bomb is at the moment serving no constructive purpose; that we are driftwood in the stream of history after building it, just as we were before; that the only result so far has been to encourage other powers to build their own H-bombs, thereby increasing rather than decreasing the danger of atomic war. All these arguments, however, are not so much against the bomb as against the idea that the defense of Europe should rest upon the threatened use of the ultimate deterrent.

Demoting the Bomb

Although the unilateral disarmers have in the recent past successfully exploited these anti-bomb arguments, the arguments are likely in the long run to pull in quite the opposite direction to that which their authors intended. Far from leading Britain to give up the bomb unilaterally, the renewed defense-policy debate may encourage a new approach to the defense of the West that will probably result in demoting the bomb to where it is a weapon only of the last resort, not the first.

It looks as if all the nuclear disarmers have succeeded in doing is to jolt the political parties into revamping the obvious anomalies in the current military orthodoxy. The fact that both the Labour Party and the Conservative Party are showing a respectful interest in the idea of a non-nuclear club—the former in the idea itself and the latter in the motive behind it—is a good illustration. There are, of course, many practical objections to such a scheme. But the very fact that the Labour Party should have adopted it in principle, and that the Conservative Party should have rejected it only on the revealing grounds that it can get the same results by agreement on test cessation, shows the way the wind is blowing. What the British people currently want is not irrational nuclear disarmament but rational nuclear armament—that is to say, a policy that preserves the deterrent without multiplying the number of powers that manufacture it.

I am convinced, therefore, that what we are likely to see in the coming months is a serious debate between Left and Right about western defense, not a repetition of the old dreary muddle of emotionalism about the bomb. And it seems to me that the other members of the Alliance can draw satisfaction from what is currently taking place in Britain. An awakened public opinion—even if it has been awakened for the wrong reasons—is demanding a serious defense debate.

THAT THE IRRITANT which has brought this about should be the campaign for nuclear disarmament is little more than an accident. Sooner or later, British statesmen would have come to grips with the problem of how Western Europe can be defended short of total nuclear war, and of what real contribution Britain can make to such a defense.

A Gamble On 'Guided Democracy'

HALDORE HANSON

DJAKARTA

DURING my month's stay in Indonesia it became obvious that a shift of power was taking place that would affect the future of these three thousand islands and eighty-six million people. An odd political partnership was emerging between fifty-eight-year-old President Sukarno and the forty-year-old Sumatran chief of staff, Abdul Haris Nasution. The older man is an opportunist who once seemed to welcome Communist support. The younger man was responsible for the liquidation of all Moscow-trained agents in the Battle of Madium, a decisive anti-Communist action in 1948. These two men are now launching a new version of "guided democracy" that could produce a marked shift in the cold war, favorable to the West.

Walking down Merdeka Square on the day of my arrival, I heard the sirens for the first time, and had barely looked over my shoulder when traffic pulled to the curb and an impressive motorcade moved past. First came eight motorcycle officers in white helmets, riding four abreast; then eight jeeps running two abreast, tops down, each vehicle carrying four steel-helmeted police with Sten guns across their laps; then a long black Chrysler with a solitary passenger, followed by two army staff cars of orderlies; and bringing up the rear, a jeepful of officers, also white-helmeted, flying a ten-foot flag for the Presidential bodyguard. This is the way President Sukarno drives about in his own capital.

By contrast to the President's love of crowd appeal, Nasution is almost unknown to the public, makes few speeches, rarely holds a press conference. He has no popular following. Sukarno and his second wife live elegantly in the palace, or rather in any one of five palaces he inherited as chief of state from the

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Dutch governor. Nasution's residence is a modest bungalow in a Djakarta suburb where his wife does her own grocery shopping. The Nasutions are devout Moslems with no apparent wealth. Sukarno dislikes administration, and minding the store has never been one of his strong points. Nasution is a gifted organizer, a seventy-hour-a-week worker.

Experiment in Government

For Sukarno the new partnership may be expedient. Ever since the president advanced his "guided democracy" proposal in 1957, involving at that time a coalition government with fellow travelers, his position at the top of the unstable political structure in Indonesia has seemed to deteriorate. By the beginning of 1958 the Communists were considered strong enough to win that year's elections in Java, and the West seemed ready to write off both Sukarno and Java.

All this has changed in 1959. The rebellions in Sumatra and Celebes enabled General Nasution to strengthen his faction-torn army by transferring or eliminating unreliable officers, and he has put an effective military force into the field. Meanwhile President Sukarno, despite his injured pride, emerged from the rebellions still far and away the strongest man in Indonesia, in effective control of the government.

It was against this background that Sukarno rewrote his plan for "guided democracy," this time in partnership with the army. Appearing last April 22 in the historic hall at Bandung, scene of the Afro-Asian Conference, he asked the Constituent Assembly for three important changes: first, a shift from the British-type parliamentary cabinet to an American-type five-year presidency; second, power for the president to nominate about half the members of future parliaments as representatives of labor, peasants, and other functional groups; third, emergency powers to control political parties.

The role that Nasution's army will play under this new version of "guided democracy" has never been described publicly, but several highly placed officials felt free to discuss it. The army will receive a block of seats in parliament, generally stated to be thirty-five, and a number of ministerships in the new cabinet, possibly one-half to two-thirds. Thus, by a roundabout route, Indonesia will arrive at an army-directed government not so different from those of Burma and Pakistan. Local newspapermen in Djakarta have called this the Army's "creeping coup."

The scheme received a temporary setback in June when the Constituent Assembly rejected the proposals for "guided democracy." But on July 5, the president dissolved the Constituent Assembly, abolished the parliament-oriented 1950 constitution, and reinstated the 1945 constitution under which his own powers are practically unlimited, thus preparing the way for his experiment in government.

THE MOST IMMEDIATE threat to this venture is not the opposition of political parties but the acute economic crisis that has tightened around the nation's windpide.

One day a young economist in the Bank of Indonesia leaned against the canteen bar, a Coke in his hand, and spoke bitterly to me about hard times in Djakarta: "My family has never known such trouble. Rice in the bazaar costs more than during the revolution in 1948. The rice we eat from Communist China is full of weevils and makes my children nauseated. My cost of living is twice what it was in 1958 and three times higher than in 1956. All my friends in the civil service are spending at least twice their basic salaries. We have to take two jobs or put our wives to work. Unless this problem is solved, I don't see how the government can rely upon the police and army for security, or on the civil service for economic controls."

The immediate cause of the trouble is printing-press money, issued by the government to meet its obligations. But behind the paper money are deeper-rooted problems—the costly rebellions of 1958; the loss of Dutch managers and technicians in the great exodus of nineteen months ago; and the inability of the coalition cabinet to make tough economic decisions.

By no means everyone in the country suffers from inflation. Four out of five people in Indonesia live in villages that are self-sufficient in food and relatively little affected by city prices. This rural economy somehow slows down the inflation in the cities. This is a "dual economy," with one sector sick, the other enjoying reasonably good health. But the sick sector happens to include, as the young banker observed, the groups that are vital to the survival of government—the police, army, and civil service.

The Dutch Exodus

The departure of the Dutch during the West Irian (Netherlands New Guinea) affair is one cause of the crisis. President Sukarno tried to rally the Indonesians behind him in 1957 by stepping up an old propaganda campaign against the Dutch for retaining West Irian under colonial rule. This campaign was intended as a diversion, but it got out of hand. Public opinion was whipped to such a fever that anti-Dutch street demonstrations broke out, forty-six thousand Dutch went home (leaving fewer than two thousand), and the Indonesian Army took over $1.5 billion worth of Dutch enterprises. Sukarno may have achieved his propaganda goal, but the country lost most of its experienced executives and technicians.

The greatest immediate setback from the Dutch exodus was the loss of the KPM, the Dutch shipping firm, which carried trade between the islands. When the KPM was nationalized by Indonesia in 1957, a British insurance firm recovered the 103 ships for the Dutch owners. So Indonesia was left with greatly weakened control over trade. Japanese, Russian, and American aid programs are all helping to replace the Dutch ships, but it will be 1962 or later before such a fleet can be reassembled. That means a five-year gap during which it will be difficult to suppress illegal trade.

There are other breakdowns in government controls that cannot be attributed to the Dutch, as a stroll down one of the main shopping streets of Djakarta will demonstrate. A black-market money salesman will approach the visitor even at the gate of Sukarno's Merdeka Palace, holding out a roll of thousand-rupiah notes with no fear of the palace guards. His rate has recently gone

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as high as 210 rupiahs to the dollar, against the official trading rate of thirty. Shop windows contain Scotch whisky, Dutch cigars, English biscuits, and Danish cheese, all banned from the import list, but these are smuggled goods. The word "smuggled" is misleading, since the goods entered the country under the nose of a customs officer who received a gratuity. And this customs officer is one of those suffering from inflation. One automobile show window displays a 1959 Chevrolet Bel Air at an asking price of twelve thousand U.S. dollars. It is illegal to import American automobiles for resale, but this dealer assures you he can get a license plate for the car.

Since much of the economic problem stems from a lack of integrity and discipline in government, it is a fair question whether army partnership in "guided democracy" offers some hope. There is already a considerable army record from which to judge.

Army of All Trades

The Indonesian Army is a young institution, dating from the Japanese occupation period. During 340 years of occupation the Dutch used mainly their own security forces and left behind no senior corps of local officers as the British did in India and Pakistan. Among the twenty thousand officers who command the 200,000 troops, most of the senior officers are aged thirty to thirty-five, and have had an education of senior high school or less. There are virtually no college graduates, such as distinguish the army leadership in Burma and Pakistan.

The core of disciplined officers around Nasution were trained in the United States. In 1951 the U.S. Army attaché at Djakarta began sending ten Indonesians a year for training in our army academies, and the number steadily increased to twenty, fifty, and now ninety a year. Some 350 Indonesians had returned from this training by the time of the rebellions last year, and not surprisingly, American-trained officers were made responsible for the amphibious landing of twenty thousand government troops on Sumatra, an operation highly praised by western military observers.

As administrator of martial law since 1957, Nasution has had an opportunity to show his abilities. But the performance of his regional martial-law administrators has not been impressive. Attempts to enforce price control by raiding shops with armed troops proved worse than useless. The army's arrest of hundreds of rebel sympathizers, while necessary, was no better than a political police operation. Censorship of the press by army administrators has angered most newspapermen. The army has not distinguished itself so far in a drive against corruption or smuggling or black marketing, as the armies in Burma and Pakistan did. In fact, Nasution's martial-law administration is best described as a fire-brigade operation, except for his calculated oppression of Communists. He banned all mass meetings, even the regular meetings of Communist-dominated unions, and effectively eliminated Communist wall scribblings and posters, an important Communist technique.

On the other hand, in its administration of the Dutch properties—the hundreds of estates and factories, plus a few banks and trading companies—the army has shown more capacity than most western observers had predicted. The more than three hundred Dutch estates are each managed by three army officers, and their output still accounts for nearly fifty per cent of the total agricultural exports. Army officers in groups of three have also been assigned to each of the banks, trading companies, and industrial plants. On the basis of their performance to date, there seems little doubt that selected Indonesian officers can do a better job of administration than the prevailing level of civil-service administration here. Nasution now has more than four thousand army officers engaged in various civil jobs, and has established a school in the National Planning Bureau to give special training for officers assigned to economic enterprises. Apparently the army has no early intention of withdrawing from the economic field.

THE SUBSTANTIAL aid programs Indonesia is receiving from the Communist bloc and the United States have been little help in solving the immediate economic crisis. Most aid is earmarked for new development projects and Indonesia must provide the local currency. This arrangement actually increases the amount of money in circulation, thereby aggravating the inflation.

The Soviet Union offered Indonesia a credit of $100 million in 1956 and during the last two years offered additional aid that would bring the total to about $500 million. Much of it is still unused. A Soviet road-building program in Borneo requires Moscow to furnish only road machinery, while Indonesia puts up three times as much for local labor. The Soviet loan of $12.5 million to build a new Djakarta stadium for the Asian Games in 1962 must be matched by $12.5 million in rupiahs. A senior Foreign Office official remarked that Soviet textiles under the aid agreement were priced at twenty per cent above the world market and that ships the Russians sold to the Indonesian

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merchant marine were "antiquated Lend-Lease vessels not worth the price." A Czech tire factory erected under the aid program is standing idle for lack of essential equipment omitted from the original contract.

Communist military aid has included the seventy-five MIG jets that buzz the capital daily and the forty-man Czech training mission attached to the air force. The infantry arms which General Nasution used in the Sumatra affair were purchased in part from the Communists. ("Just get the hardware," Nasution is supposed to have instructed the negotiators. "We are not interested in the politics.")

The American Honeymoon

American economic aid has totaled $400 million during the decade of full independence. In fiscal 1959 we gave $10.6 million in technical training, sold $40 million of agricultural surplus for local currency, and allotted about $12 million in various loans for capital projects. Our only aid that was of immediate help in fighting inflation was in the form of rice and other farm products, which were sold for local currency and thus helped absorb the extra money supply.

Military aid from the United States to neutralist Indonesia began less than a year ago, after the State Department became worried about shipments of Communist arms. Until that time we refused to give or sell arms to Indonesia because they might be used against our Dutch allies. This spring we agreed to supply infantry equipment for twenty battalions and a number of planes at a cost of several tens of millions of dollars.

The United States is enjoying a honeymoon here that would have been unimaginable a few years ago. Ambassador Howard Jones is doing an extraordinary job, and the embassy staff is also one of the ablest missions in Asia. Certainly the fourteen hundred Indonesian officers trained in the United States since 1950 have been partly responsible for the change in climate.

The Communists have also helped our standing. The Chinese Communist behavior in Tibet was not lost on any Asian country. And Sukarno has not forgotten that the Communist Party of Indonesia increased its vote from a fourth to a third in the Java local elections of 1957 at the expense of his own Nationalist Party. He was becoming a Communist prisoner and could use closer American relations.

The Communist Party of Indonesia, incidentally, with only 1.5 million members, still controls eighty per cent of the labor unions and has a strong chain of peasant organizations on Java. Its executive secretary, Aidit, has made three trips to Moscow in the last six months. It will not be possible for a "guided democracy," even with the help of Nasution's army, to disband so formidable an organization by edict.

Many Americans gag at the concept of an army in civil government, but our political theories are based upon a western society in which the norm is government by competent civil executives, democratically controlled. Some Asian governments have concluded, after a decade of independence, that they do not have this alternative, that free elections have brought them nothing better than fragmented authority and government paralysis.

One of the most respected Indonesian editors, a man educated in England, declared to me: "I would rather live under a government which is half police state and half elected than in the confusion we have endured, and I hope nobody is in a hurry to go back to party rule. It isn't that guided democracy offers any panacea. The army knows little about economics and less about a social program. But we need to get some firm anchors under us. That is why I want to give Sukarno's authoritarian government a try. It's a gamble, of course. But what else is there for us to do?"

Is A Major Depression Really Impossible?

EDWIN L. DALE, JR.

WASHINGTON

The prevailing view among both experts and non-experts that we can, and will, prevent severe depressions is, I am afraid, fallacious. Paradoxically, my main evidence for believing in the possibility of severe trouble in the future is the very success we had in curing our two most recent slumps. They supplied strong evidence that governments *can* exert powerful forces toward preventing depression, but they supplied equally strong evidence for doubting that future governments *will* exert those forces.

The reason, in brief, is that the government actions that were a major factor in keeping both slumps brief and mild were almost entirely inadvertent. No postwar American administration has yet been faced with the necessity of *choosing* to take massive anti-depression action—action inevitably involving large deficits. The ease with which both recessions were cured will almost inevitably make a future government assume more recuperative power in our private economy than may in fact exist.

There is no way of knowing whether the two recessions of the 1950's were in fact halted by government action, for the simple reason that we do not know what would have happened in the absence of the actions that were taken. Our history contains numerous examples of mild slumps that cured themselves when the government was not a significant force in the economy at all. Furthermore, conservatives in and out of the present administration have been making a persuasive case that our latest recession hit bottom—in April of 1958—before most of the government's spending actions took effect.

But I still believe that government actions were extremely important in halting both slumps. And by that I

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mean actions over and above the purely "automatic" remedies such as unemployment compensation and a shift to easy money. Whether I am right in this or not, it is not at all difficult to visualize a slump of such severity that government actions *will* be essential, even if they were not essential in the slumps of the 1950's. Our history shows periodic, though infrequent, major depressions.

Cure by Accident

Let us, then, examine what the government did in the two slumps of the 1950's. In the 1953-1954 recession there was only one non-automatic action that mattered, but it was a whopper. It was a four-part package of tax cuts totaling $7.4 billion, of which the major items took effect at precisely the right time: January 1, 1954. The important point about the tax cuts is that the crucial $5 billion that took effect on that date was pure luck. The law had been written that way several years before, and it would have taken a special session of Congress to prevent the tax cut. An additional $1 billion in excise-tax cuts was enacted over the initial opposition of the administration.

Arthur F. Burns, who was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers at the time, has subsequently made much of the fact that George M. Humphrey, then Secretary of the Treasury, announced in a speech as early as September, 1953, that these tax cuts would be allowed to take place on schedule. Burns counts this as anti-recession "policy." But George Humphrey never saw the situation that way. He was happy to let the tax reduction take place not because of its anti-slump effects but because he could see that the trend of government spending was heading downward with the conclusion of the Korean War. He always described these tax cuts as a sort of advance payment on the decline in expenditures that was already under way. Thus it was the combination of previously enacted legislation and a fortuitous international event that "caused" the key anti-slump action—not conscious policy on the part of the government.

IN THE 1957-1958 SLUMP, the actions of the Federal government were more numerous. Most of them had only one thing in common: they were a big help in curing the slump but they were not adopted for that purpose.

The most important was the aftermath of the Soviet Sputnik in October of 1957. There was a quick reversal in defense-order policy—from only $7 billion in the last half of 1957 to $13 billion in the first half of 1958. Defense *spending* was actually declining slightly during the crucial six months from October, 1957, through March, 1958, but the order turnabout had a major impact.

Then there was the addition of slightly more than $1 billion to personal incomes through a series of amendments to Social Security and veterans' laws which had been enacted long before but which took effect in the winter of 1957-1958. This served as a factor in helping to preserve personal consumption expenditures.

Next there was the impact of the huge highway program. Here again, contracts rather than spending tell the story. Activity was being generated long before the Treasury was called on for cash.

THERE WAS ALSO a big spurt in farm income that reflected in part the government's price-support program. Big crops led to big price-support outlays. (It is true that much of the farm improvement came from higher prices of non-supported crops.)

Finally, there were two actions that *were* consciously taken for anti-recession reasons—only one of which was asked for by the administration. This was the extension of unemployment compensation for those whose benefit rights had expired, adding up to only about $400 million. The action taken by Congress over administration objections was the billion-dollar mortgage-buying program that gave a big fillip to housing starts soon after it was enacted.

In short, the government developed a $13-billion deficit in spite of itself. Its most important single decision—a correct decision as things turned out—was to *resist* a tax cut.

I see no reason to assume that in the next slump luck will be running so strongly with the government. Certainly there will not be any ready-made tax cut as in 1954. It is most unlikely that there will be such a sudden and fortuitous burst in spending as in 1958. (Total cash outlays by the Federal government rose by $15 billion from fiscal 1957 to fiscal 1959.)

The Bigger They Come . . .

Yet I see every reason to fear that whichever party is in power, remembering how right its predecessor had been not to adopt "panic" anti-recession measures, will resist strong action at least for the first year of a slump. But after a year of declining production, jobs, and incomes, the downward spiral might well have progressed so far that even herculean efforts would have difficulty bringing the slump to a halt. Furthermore, the bigger the economy, the more impressive the magnitude of the forces that can drive us downward into depression. Put another—and somewhat oversimplified—way, if a Federal deficit of $10 billion is enough to cure a slump in a $200-billion economy, the deficit must be $25 billion to have the same effect in a $500-billion economy, which we will have by the end of this year.

Let no one underrate the potential force of a cumulative downward spiral. It is true, of course, that "built-in" factors in our modern economy, governmental and otherwise, have made the economy more depression-resistant. It is most improbable, for example, that we shall undergo ever again the purely financial crisis—bank failures, etc.—that made the 1929-1933 experience so painful.

But the private economy is so vast and the possibilities for decisions to postpone spending are so numerous that "automatic" resistance forces could easily be overcome. The downward cycle—orders, then inventories, then jobs, then incomes, then consumption, then orders again—is still very much a characteristic of our kind of economy.

I BELIEVE I report accurately the views of the great majority of experts in saying that nothing rules out such a cycle. What many experts and the general public may have failed to realize is that our recent record, far from proving that we will act in the future to check the spiral, raises the disquieting likelihood that we will wait until it is too late.

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Personalities vs. Parties For the Presidency of Brazil

GILBERTO FREYRE

RECIFE, BRAZIL

THE OCTOBER, 1960, presidential election in Brazil will be a battle in which political parties—with their programs, doctrines, and traditions—will have to deal with and counteract the vote-getting power of certain fascinating personalities: personalities somewhat—not entirely—contemptuous of parties and party discipline. At this writing, Brazilians seem inclined to vote for personalities rather than for parties. Yet combinations of party lines with personality traits make it difficult to separate the two elements and predict which will dominate.

Brazil's four national parties are more fluid than political parties in Europe or in the United States, yet there is some continuity in their action and programs. The Social Democratic Party (P.S.D.) is in effect conservative. Four years ago it joined with the Brazilian Labor Party (P.T.B.) and elected the present president of Brazil, Juscelino Kubitschek. The Brazilian Labor Party, headed by Brazil's Vice-President João (Jango) Goulart, is largely made up of the followers of the late President Vargas. The third major party is the National Democratic Union (U.D.N.), whose thinking has much in common with classic British liberalism, though with some very modern ideas on social problems. There are also the Communists, few in number but with influence in some journalistic quarters. Luiz Carlos Prestes heads the outlawed party. Each of these parties has its body of ideas, and each its group of vocal leaders.

BOTH PARTIES and personalities must be taken into account in studying the present Brazilian political situation. None of Brazil's prominent political personalities stands completely aloof from the parties; no party can disregard men whose personality and wholly personal influence may threaten its unity.

A very mild version of the personality cult has been traditional in Brazilian politics since the first days of national independence, working for good as well as for evil. During the Empire it served more than once as a corrective to party prejudice, when it endangered broad national interest. The second and last Emperor, Dom Pedro II, who succeeded in 1831 and was deposed in 1889, was criticized for using his personal prestige to influence parliament and the political parties. As a constitutional monarch, Dom Pedro, his critics thought, should have remained impersonal and neutral. But the emperor, as a Braganza-Hapsburg born in a Brazil where a patriarchal social structure valued personal relationships above legal abstractions, felt that his personality could legitimately play a useful role in government. The Crown, as the supreme embodiment of the nation's interests, was duty bound to intervene against special, local, or party pressures in parliament.

The Myth and the Men

Since Dom Pedro was a moderately paternalistic monarch, and at the same time a man of many virtues and qualities, he contributed to develop a Brazilian tradition inclined to a moderately paternalistic type of political leader. I say "moderately paternalistic" because in all its political history Brazil has never known real *caudillos* of the Indo-Spanish arrogant military type. When in 1889 the Republic was established, it preserved the civilian character and legalistic leanings of the Empire. Nonetheless Brazil has always tended to prefer vivid, creative, dynamic personalities to abstract party ideologies. Hence the cult of such men as Floriano Peixoto; or Ruy Barbosa; or Rio Branco—a baron of Dom Pedro's Empire who for twelve years was the young Republic's all-powerful secretary of state, enthusiastically supported by Brazilian people and respected by all republican parties, despite his enduring loyalty to his monarchistic ideas—or that of Pinheiro Machado, a *gaucho* of Rio Grande do Sul and the nearest approach to a *caudillo* Brazil ever had; or that of Luiz Carlos Prestes, despite and not because of his Communism—a cult, the Prestes one, now in decline; or that, finally, of Getulio Vargas, the "Father of the Poor."

Some Brazilian political personalities have corresponded and today still correspond to popular myths. There is the paternalistic Dom Pedro myth with a patriarchal beard as its symbol. There is the myth that a weak physique, pallor, an Indianoid or mestizo rather than a purely European appearance, are the signs of the true Brazilian and the highest virtues and possibilities of a Brazilian "race." It is this myth which has made the popularity of men like Floriano Peixoto, the politician who stabilized the republican régime in Brazil, and Alberto Santos-Dumont, who flew the first dirigible and circled the Eiffel Tower, and, recently, Vargas, "*O Pequenininho,*" "the Very Small One," and, in our day, small, pale, ascetic Prestes. A large part of the Brazilian population feels that such men, frail as they may seem—Brazilians, particularly in the interior of the country, suffer from malnutrition, malaria, and even liver diseases—are superior in intelligence, ability, and scholarship, and the most capable of contributing to the welfare of their fellow countrymen. Brazilians seem suspicious of national leaders who are tall, well-built, vigorous, and healthy.

THIS MYTH of the "*amarelinho*" surrounds pale, ugly, frail Janio Quadros. He comes from the far interior of Brazil, and there is not a political leader today who is not worried by the tremendous personal power of attraction that makes Senhor Quadros a distinct presidential possibility.

He has been mayor of the city of São Paulo and governor of the state of São Paulo—the most important and most progressive state

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in Brazil. His enthusiastic supporters claim that he is an able and honest administrator, independent of political or economic pressure groups, devoted primarily to the interests of the neglected middle classes, the workers, and farmers—without, however, being afraid of foreign capital or industrial development.

Senhor Quadros is now a member of the Brazilian Labor Party, though a considerable part of its membership is hostile to him. If he becomes president, his victory will be that of personality over political organizations and party programs.

In the Wake of Kubitschek

There are, however, men whose political importance derives from their party connections as well as from their personality. One of them is General Juracy Magalhães, who recently became governor of the State of Bahia, after a brilliant career as a senator and as president of the National Democratic Union. He is a capable administrator and, though a good Brazilian, not a nationalist of a narrow or sectarian type. Others are Oswaldo Aranha, a respected former secretary of state and of finances; Mayor Adhemar de Barros of São Paulo; and Admiral Peixoto, who has been an able ambassador in Washington but whom his enemies maliciously accuse of having made his political career out of being a son-in-law of Vargas. He presides over the Social Democratic Party.

Still another leader is Vice-President Goulart, who, perhaps more than Admiral Peixoto, is heir to the Vargas political tradition—a tradition now in decline. And there is President Kubitschek's minister of war, Marshal Teixeira Lott. He is a good soldier and honest; though he is not a party man, his political sympathies seem to be toward an economic nationalism that would contribute to Brazilian welfare, furthering the cause of labor without neglecting industrial development. The Communists are now supporting Marshal Teixeira Lott, in whom they have seen, for more than a year, a nonpolitical personality who could neutralize Quadros's prestige.

Some analysts include President Kubitschek among those political leaders who, combining party and personal prestige, would battle Quadros on equal terms. The Constitution of 1946, however, prevents him from being a candidate for re-election.

Though criticized by many for spending too much money on Brasilia—a monumental new capital for the nation—at a time when the economic situation of the country is bad, Kubitschek is admired by a very large number of his fellow countrymen exactly for his boldness and daring imagination. He is an extremely dynamic man, constantly flying from Rio to Brasilia, and from Rio to different parts of Brazil. Even

he is surpassed in mileage by ambassador Assis Chateaubriand, who never remains for more than a few days at his post in London, commuting by air from England to the Continent or to Brazil. For all his charm and ready smile, Kubitschek works hard and takes his presidential duties more seriously than his critics admit. He studied for the priesthood before turning to medicine, an art he has hardly practiced. As a political artist—his real vocation—he has created in Brazilian political life a new type of flamboyant personality. Yet he is shrewd enough not to disdain closed-door meetings with his party companions, thus managing to combine the advantages of an independent position with those of party regularity. The party organizations are subjected to a severe strain under the impact of colorful, vivid dramatic personalities like those of Quadros and Kubitschek, personalities that perform dances of their own invention, keeping, however, to traditional rhythms that Brazilians love and understand.

Unique and Improbable

No matter how they may speak—as party members or as personalities—Brazilian politicians taking part in the coming political campaign will have to face certain issues that are now very important for public opinion. What should be the nation's attitude toward foreign capital—particularly United States capital? Should diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union be re-established? What should be done about agrarian reform? What about Brasilia? Have the prosperous industrial regions of Southern Brazil received more than their share of federal aid? Have the underdeveloped areas in the north and northeast been neglected by Rio? In the coming campaign, the press will probably once again be excessively violent. Brazil has no adequate libel law for abuses of the press and as a result some of its newspapers go too far—especially when political battles are waged around personalities rather than abstract issues.

As to the attitude of the armed services, some high-ranking officers may go too far in expressing their political opinions. But the best indications seem to be that as responsible soldiers whose duty is to remain above party politics and local interests, they will follow not only a long nonpolitical tradition but also their very capable present leaders, remaining a really national, suprapartisan organism. Marshal Teixeira Lott, the minister of war, is too much of a legalistic soldier and too *castizo* a Brazilian to become the leader of any political-military faction. For *castizo* Brazilians are proud of the fact that *caudillismo* is something exotic to their political traditions. Though great lovers of novelty, adventure, and experiment—Brasilia is an example of this—Brazilians remain loyal to many of the traditions

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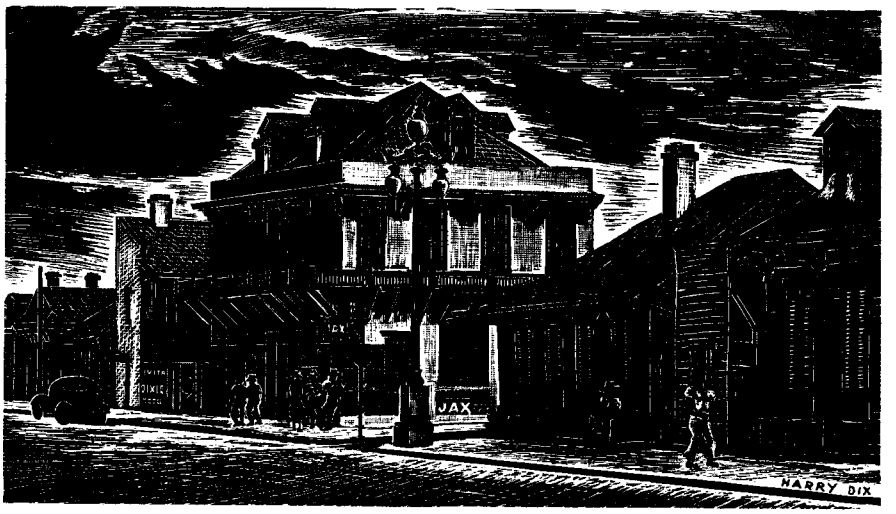
that make them different from Anglo-Americans and different also from Spanish-Americans, and make their nation unlike any other in the Americas.

This difference accounts for a characteristically Brazilian style of playing politics just as it does for a characteristically Brazilian dash in playing soccer. (Last year Brazil won the world championship.) It accounts for Villa-Lobos in music, for Manuel Bandeira in poetry, and for Oscar Niemeyer in architecture, just as it accounts for Kubitschek and Quadros in politics and for Ambassador to Britain Assis Chateaubriand in diplomacy, politics, and journalism. All are genuinely Brazilian, comprehensible only as products of a unique Brazilian civilization. And as Aldous Huxley told me more than once during his recent stay in Brazil, there is no purely logical explanation for most of the things a North American or European sees in Brazil. Some of them are improbable.

ONE MORE ASPECT of the Brazilian situation has to be considered. Months will have to pass before the presidential elections take place. And the economic situation of the country is far from satisfactory. The present government has not avoided inflation; on the contrary, inflation has shown itself as disdainful of the government as the rising tide was of King Canute. Prices are terribly high. And this causes unrest, which in some areas is becoming serious.

If this situation becomes even more threatening, what will happen? Will the present government ask congress for "extraordinary powers" with which to meet the crisis? How would this affect the possibility of having normal elections? Might they not be postponed because of an abnormal economic situation and its effect on the political routine of the Brazilian Republic? These questions have perhaps too strong a pessimistic flavor, not at all in harmony with the optimism that radiates from President Kubitschek's smile and personality. But no realistic picture of the present political situation in Brazil may be drawn which neglects the possibility that the situation may become greatly worsened by increasing economic unrest in the critical months ahead.



LOUISIANA

The Long Long Trail Awinding

WILLIAM L. RIVERS

LOUISIANA has been the moon-dipped, myth-draped strange sister among Southern states since its Acadian beginnings, but its political upheavals during the past three decades have been unusual even by Louisiana standards. It is not quite true that it all goes back to Huey Long's satanically powerful grip on the voters, for the latter-day Longs, in good health and in bad, have made some notable contributions of their own. But Huey's imprint is not only indelible on the electorate, it has also been entangled in the fierce strivings of his unfortunate brother Earl.

Huey's techniques were as simple as they were powerful. When he came out of Winnfield in the northern Louisiana redneck country, most of his neighbors lived in ignorant poverty although the state was rich with incredibly abundant resources. (Although it is relatively small, Louisiana is the nation's third state in petroleum production, second in sulphur, third in salt; and almost anything will grow somewhere in Louisiana.) As late as 1920 there were more than three hundred thousand illiterates in Louisiana—nearly a quarter of the reading-age population. Getting from farm to market through the swamps of southern Louisiana or over the rutted hills of the north was an adventure. Huey promised a revolution.

When he ran unsuccessfully for governor in 1924 (rains kept many of his rural supporters from the polls), most of his support came from northern Louisiana. He had tramped those hills for years peddling kitchen lard, but when he went back for votes, he was dressed city-style, flashily, and he had much more than the simple appeal of the one-gallus bumpkin. He knew his poor, knew that the only man rated above a bright redneck was a bright redneck who could beat the city people on their own ground. He told over and over again how he had walked miles to school carrying one cornstick for lunch—and went on to promise free schoolbooks, free trapping, good roads, and a reduced gasoline tax.

When Huey ran again in 1928, he won because large sections of southern Louisiana also responded to his neo-Populist appeals. He had proved during a term as state railway commissioner, by fighting Standard Oil, the Telephone Company, and the major utilities, that he was "the champion of the little people."

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Moreover, he was not merely a fighter, he was the brilliant Kingfish who could trample the powerful underfoot. Piling new promises on top of those which had won him a devoted following in 1924, he offered an educational system that would alter the basis of the Louisiana economy.

The masses who elected Huey Long in 1928 were not disappointed. He distributed more than half a million free schoolbooks, and more than 175,000 illiterates over twenty-one learned to read and write in free night schools. His highway program was responsible for more than 2,500 miles of new paved roads and 6,000 miles of new gravel roads, and even today a traveler is likely to see as many physical improvements dedicated in Huey's time (and so advertised) as in any succeeding administration. To accomplish his revolution, he taxed the big corporations cruelly, and the entrenched powers in business and politics were warned that they must back him or collapse.

'Now I'm a Dynamiter'

Huey had been in office less than a year when he was called upon to answer impeachment proceedings charging misappropriation of public funds, bribery, removal of school officials for political purposes, misconduct in public places, lobbying on the floor of the legislature, and trying to arrange the murder of an anti-Long member of the Louisiana house of representatives. Adroit manipulation of the state senate saved him. Then he announced grimly, "I used to try to get things done by saying 'Please.' That don't work. Now I'm a dynamiter. I dynamite 'em out of my path."

Huey was true to his threats as well as to his promises. A new free bridge sent a New Orleans toll bridge company into bankruptcy. When a knot of southern Louisiana voters opposed him, Huey put in a new highway from Opelousas to Lafayette, interrupting it with six miles of gravel along the offending precinct's section.

Huey Long played a curious dual role of clown and dictator—receiving state visitors in green pajamas, and shouting, "I'm the Constitution around here"—but his antics and his talk only brought the people closer to him. After decades of listening to the respectable make pledges that they had no intention of keeping, it mattered little to the devoted poor that some of Huey's supporters were deeply corrupt, led into easy graft by their leader's power. Huey produced.

First as governor, then as U.S. senator, Huey Long grew in power and self-love, nourished not only by his ego but also by the sure knowledge that he had helped the poor. Former Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana says: "He was one of the most brilliant men who ever came to Washington. The last time I saw Huey before his death in 1935, he was bragging: 'You know that fellow up at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue? I'm going to lick him in the next election.' I told him that he could never be President. He was really incredulous, 'Have you seen the crowds, everywhere, that come to hear me talk?' I told him that they were just curious. 'But when they hear me,' Huey said, 'I get 'em.' I told him that he couldn't be President because he disgusted people with his boasting. He complained: 'I don't like to go to ball games or play golf or play cards. Now you want to take away my only pleasure!' "

The Kingfish was not quite as foolish as Senator Wheeler seemed to think he was. Democratic Party soundings in 1935 indicated that the "Every Man a King" program would draw nearly four million votes even then, more than a year before the 1936 Presidential election. Huey's "Share the Wealth" proposal called for giving every family a radio, an automobile, and four thousand dollars to buy a home; the financing would come from liquidating fortunes of more than three million dollars.

Secure in his power, Huey did not bother to slap down his more rapacious lieutenants, whose lust for money he was probably incapable of understanding. After his assassination in 1935 by the son of one of his political enemies, some of his followers took over and rode the state into the Louisiana scandals of 1939. Huey, who left only a small estate, predicted shortly before his death: "If those fellows ever use the powers I've given them without me to hold them down, they'll all land in the penitentiary." Governor Richard W. Leche, Louisiana State University President James Monroe Smith, and other staunch Longites went to prison after the disappearance of an estimated $100 million.

'You Run Wild!'

Longism is Huey's most substantial legacy, and it resides with those of his followers who took none of the kickbacks, double-dips, and graft that riddled the administration of Richard Leche. Earl Long was elected lieutenant governor under Leche in 1936, becoming governor when Leche resigned in 1939. Earl has often boasted that he was the most investigated man in Louisiana, and even the anti-Long reform administrations since that time have never been able to show that he was guilty of anything worse than raw politics. In part because of this record, Earl has been twice elected governor, in 1948 and in 1956.

One of the psychiatrists who examined Governor Long a few weeks ago when his wife had him committed declares flatly that the governor wants to be shot to death the same way his brother was. Psychiatry aside, Earl Long has certainly been competing with his brother for many years. His speeches have been studded with curiously mixed allusions to Huey, and his actions during Huey's lifetime shifted violently from total support to outraged opposition. During impeachment proceedings against Huey, Earl bit an anti-Long legislator's ear, but he testified against Huey in a U.S. investigation of election frauds, shouting (against his brother's bellows of "Liar Earl Long!"), "I stood with you as long as I could, but you run wild!"

Earl has apparently felt both envy and contempt for Huey. He once claimed that he fought Huey's battles when they were children, saying, "Huey was a physical coward," but there have always been defensive notes in his most extravagant claims. During his 1956 campaign Earl said: "I've done more for the poor people of this state than any other governor. The only other governor who came close was my brother Huey, and he was just start-

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ing out. I've got his experience and my experience, and you'll see that I can make a better governor." In less buoyant moments Earl has seemed to despair, describing Huey as a racer and himself as a plodder.

EARL LONG'S passion for having his way in politics—as with Huey, money runs a poor second to political power—swallowed him years ago. In earlier times, he achieved catharsis by such practices as sitting in the middle of a hotel room, his lieutenants gathered about him, and spending the evening spitting on a copy of the New Orleans *Item*. But none of his triumphs has been enough to satisfy him in recent years. One of his confidants said early in his current term as governor that Long was nurturing a delusion that he alone could save the state from the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* and the racists. This, and perhaps the shadow of his brother, led him to announce a few months ago that he would thwart the state's constitutional provision against a governor succeeding himself by resigning shortly before the filing deadline, giving the governorship to his lieutenant governor and thus clearing the way for another term. His obsessions led ultimately to his shouting, profane appearances before the legislature in May; after one such display, he returned to the mansion and found that the equipment for his next race had arrived, and he opened his campaign by delivering an oration to five sound trucks.

Part of the present governor's hold on the Louisiana electorate can be attributed to its reverence for Huey. But Earl Long is himself responsible for most of his recent success; and in fact he has controlled much larger portions of the legislature and the electorate than Huey ever did.

Earl was always a superb strategist, setting up dummy candidates in apparent opposition to his own candidacy to bewilder the other candidates and keep them on the defensive, drawing easily defeated opponents into political contests by deluding them into thinking that they might win. Candidate James McLemore was apparently running against Earl Long in 1956, but all he actually did was knock down the other three candidates; when the campaign was over and Long had won by the unprecedented feat of taking the election in the first Democratic primary, McLemore was appointed to a high job in the administration. Political reporters say that New Orleans Mayor DeLesseps S. Morrison was lured into the same race by hundreds of creased, dirty postcards from the rural areas begging him to run; he found his support in those areas almost nonexistent.

Amorality and Welfare

Earl Long has delighted Louisiana voters with a curious public honesty about the deviousness of all politicians, including himself. ("I ain't against stealin'," he once remarked. "But it takes two of us to steal and the other one might squeal.") He once drew a distinction between ordinary graft and "legal graft," defining the latter as those public contracts that must be steered in the right directions by any chief executive who ever hopes to be re-elected. Such confessions do double duty, making the voters aware that their suspicions of the rewards of political friendship are well founded and suggesting that the more orthodox politicians are not telling all.

But the greatest delight for Earl Long's supporters—and the source of his greatest strength—has been his openhanded welfare program. Primarily because of his largess, 577 of every thousand Louisianians over sixty-five are drawing old-age assistance from state and Federal funds, by far the largest percentage in the United States. (The national average is 159.) The year before Earl Long won his first four-year term as governor in 1948, 134,000 Louisianians were drawing checks in all categories of welfare; a year after that Long administration began, 239,000 were "on the rolls." One of his chief critics complained bitterly: "It just seems that every time Earl Long takes over, people suddenly seem to get sick and need help, go blind, or find out that they're a lot older all of a sudden."

One significant difference between any Long administration and those of the "reform" governors who have held office while Earl sat out the years between terms has been summed up by a member of the reform administration of Robert Kennon, who served from 1952 to 1956. "It has to be admitted," he said, "that you can learn a great deal about the sentiments of different governors by watching to see who goes in to talk with them. During Earl Long's terms, the great majority of his visitors were small-town politicians and rural people. Kennon saw very few besides the big businessmen and the successful."

The governor's hospitality has never been extended to Louisiana's Negroes, but he has nonetheless managed to get their votes. Lumping the Longs with the Bilbos and the Talmadges is common but mistaken. During the worst days of his recent collapse Governor Long was fighting to keep Louisiana's leading racist, State Senator Willie Rainach, from purging Negroes from the registration rolls. But the chief explanation for Long's support among Negroes is welfare spending. As a cousin of the governor's once pointed out: "He stands up there and tells them they were eating each other in Africa a hundred years ago and things like that, and they just smile and applaud. They get the welfare, and they know that nobody has done more for them than Earl Long, whatever he says."

IN PART for this reason—and in part, too, because of Governor Long's strong support of Louisiana State University and education generally—many of Louisiana's liberal intellectuals have frequently backed him. When L.S.U. sought choice property for a badly needed branch college in New Orleans, the controlling New Orleans Levee Board blocked the proposal. Long promptly got himself a new Levee Board president, and the New Orleans branch is about to begin its second year.

Perhaps the most serious of Earl Long's shortcomings as a governor is represented by the chaotically constructed state government, although a system that will not allow a governor to succeed himself usually invites jerry-building. Louisiana ranks third in the number of state employees per thousand population, and the government includes among its 207 state agencies no fewer than fourteen that administer retirement systems. The nonpartisan Public

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Affairs Research Council of Louisiana has ascertained that thirty-four new state agencies have been created during the past five years.

This emphasis on a big state government is an important source of strength for the Longs. The continuing increases create new jobs for political supporters, and for many years Governor Long has favored hiring those with large families so as to reap maximum benefits from the ballot box. (Naturally, there are many Roman Catholics on the state payroll.) During one of Earl Long's terms, there were two men serving as clerk of the house of representatives in the Louisiana legislature: one a holdover who knew how to do the work, the other a "deadhead" who knew how to vote.

The deadheads, those with shaky places on the welfare rolls, and the other hard-core Longites have recently come to doubt that Earl Long will ever again be a major factor in Louisiana politics. But the current power struggle has left the line of succession indistinct.

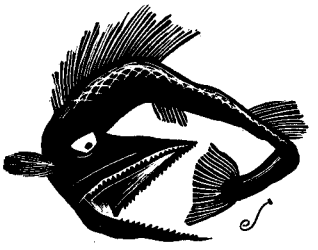
Huey's Son and Heir

The Long name is so potent in Louisiana that almost any relative can use it for some political advantage, but only U.S. Senator Russell Long, Huey's son, is now in a strong position to exploit it.

Russell provides the clearest illustration of the debt the latter-day Longs owe Huey. While Huey's lieutenants were embroiled in the Louisiana scandals during the late 1930's, Russell was enjoying a campus political career that has never been matched at Louisiana State University. He was elected president of the freshman class, of the sophomore class, of the junior class, and of the student body. (His sister Rose was president of her sorority and of the Associated Women Students, and she held the highest campus political honor for women, coed vice-president of the student body.)

Emulating his successful father, Russell appealed for votes for president of the student body on a "poor student" platform. One of his opponents, scraping to pay his way through college, owned and operated a student laundry. Russell was not in the least dismayed; he stood for a nonprofit student laundry. The laundry owner came in third. Russell was the high vote-getter and entered a runoff election against a candidate who represented "the social crowd," scarcely a fair match for a Long. Russell won easily. In addition to handing out lollypops and spotting coeds in bathing suits with "L-O-N-G" spelled out on their bare backs, Russell brought in Ted Lewis and his orchestra to play at the campus political rally the night before the election (despite a campaign expenditure limit of $100).

In 1948, U.S. Senator John Overton, who had been almost supinely loyal to Huey, died in office. Russell was then an assistant to his Uncle Earl, who had just begun his first term as elected governor. Russell was only twenty-nine at the time, but his birthday falls on November 3. He announced his candidacy for



the remainder of Overton's term, beat Judge Robert F. Kennon, and was sworn in as the youngest U.S. senator shortly after he had reached the minimum age. In 1950 he ran again and established a family record, receiving almost seventy per cent of the votes; his father had never polled more than 57.3 per cent.

DURING HIS DECADE in the Senate, Russell Long has often seemed to be identifiable as the son of the boisterous Huey only because he is almost a carbon copy of his bulb-nosed father. Huey's clownish antics and much of Huey's fire are foreign to his son. But Russell often speaks of (and votes for) "the masses," and he is quick to attribute his victories to "the boys who put down their cotton sacks and came to the polls." He is like his father, too, in his seemingly unlimited energy: members of his senate office staff have become accustomed to welcoming Senator Long back from the floor of the Senate near dark, enthusiastic for the coming hours of paper work.

Senator Long has shown a notable amount of independence. He was among the first on Capitol Hill to announce his support of statehood for racially mixed Hawaii, and just about the only tendency he has consistently shared with other Southern legislators is his predilection for private vs. public power. He is generally conceded to have earned better than passing grades as a senator.

Russell admits that he hopes to follow his father and his uncle in the governor's chair, but the ambition may now be difficult to realize. The Democratic primary will be held this fall, and some of Senator Long's strongest supporters admit that he hurt himself badly at the time of Earl Long's trip to Texas for psychiatric treatment when he flew to Louisiana and announced that he would address a joint session of the legislature. He had not been invited by the legislature, and the flight from Washington was a chill reminder of Huey Long's penchant for running his state from Washington and returning to Baton Rouge whenever he felt that it was time to buffet recalcitrant legislators. It would be very difficult for him now to enter the fall primaries against his uncle, who has announced that he plans to run for re-election no matter what anyone thinks about his mental and physical health.

GIVEN A RETURN to banana-republic politics, there are some students of Louisiana's curious history who believe that neither Earl nor Russell will be the next governor. "Louisiana is ready for a rest," as one of them put it. "We're tired of being prodded into progress." If a real rest is in prospect, the next governor of Louisiana may well be hillbilly singer Jimmy Davis, who proved during his 1944-1948 term that a "good ole country boy" who sings "You Are My Sunshine" can handle a caretaker government.

The caretaker—if the pattern of the past recurs—will be succeeded by a restless taxer-and-spender who, whether his name is Long or not, will surely keep the Long formula at his elbow: Produce things the people can see, eat, smell, touch, or read. If it's a dirt road, make it a gravel road; if it's a gravel road, pave it.

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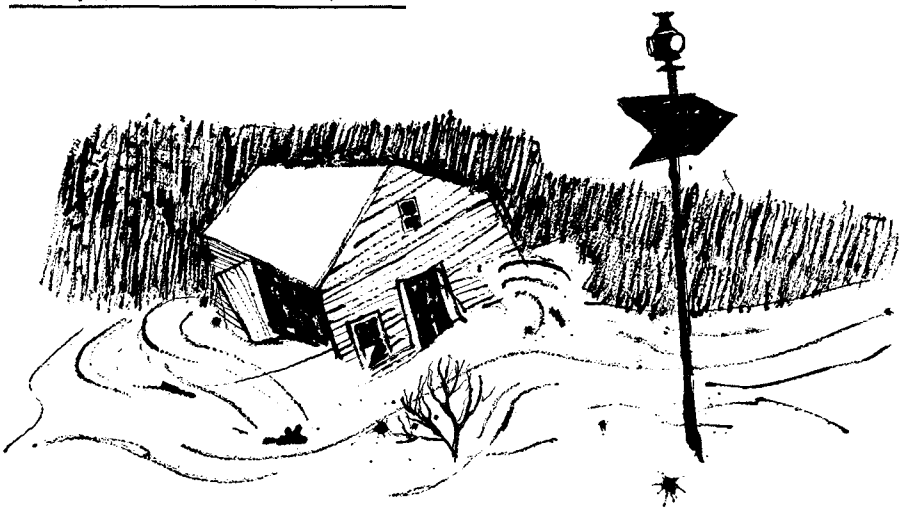

The Water Witch

LOIS PHILLIPS HUDSON

BENJAMIN the water witch lived in a dark little shed attached to the rear wall of his grandnephew's blacksmith shop, with a layer of clotted sawdust for a rug between him and the boards that served as a floor. For his purposes the sawdust was better than a rug, because he shook too much to be very accurate with his coffee-can spittoons.

Besides the day-long din that would have maddened almost anybody but the person making it, Benjamin had to bear the bitter cold of the shed in winter and a heat like that of Leroy's forge in the summer. But if he hadn't been Leroy's great-uncle he might not have had any place at all to live, and anyway the temperature of the air around him obtruded only vaguely on the world he lived in. All year round, the cuffs of his one union suit flapped about his wrists and flared over the tops of his ankle-high shoes. Sometimes, during those drought years of the 1930's in our little North Dakota town, when the thermometer under the awning of the barbershop was hovering around a hundred degrees, old Benjamin would take off his blue work shirt and reveal the scalloped lines of sweat creeping like a lava flow down the chest of his underwear.

IN A TIME of general affliction, a creature who is even more afflicted than the rest is either shunned and feared as the most disfavored subject of the gods, or else esteemed as the possessor, through his unimaginable misfortune, of a special purpose in life. When that creature is a water witch in the midst of an unprecedented drought, it is not hard to see why he should be sought after, if not accepted or understood. Thus it was that after a lifetime of being supported by the parched but unpatronizing charity of the community, the old man was elevated, in his last years, to a status of full self-support.

Even the Russian immigrants who scarcely spoke English knew that staring, palsied Benjamin was their last hope. In a universe so populated with inimical forces, it seemed reasonable that a few creatures of malign aspect were in fact good spirits in disguise, waiting only for a demonstration of belief in the goodness under their bestial exteriors to unleash that beneficence upon the believers. Mythology is full of tales of such creatures. Hardship and ignorance made the myths, and they are still revived and leaned upon whenever people cannot get along without them.

Like most other people, I have gotten my water out of a faucet for a long time now—a faucet that presumably is connected to a limitless supply of water—but I still experience a vestigial terror of being waterless if for some peculiar reason no water comes out of the faucet. It is like a racial memory of desperate hunts for water. Such desperate hunts went on over millions of square miles of the breadbasket that was becoming the Dust Bowl in the fourteen summers of desolation.

There are poems, sometimes written by people riding a train from one ocean to the other across that stricken expanse of the continent, which celebrate the pathos of a house abandoned in the blowing fields, but I have never seen a poem which deals with the day on which a child of that house is sent out for a half a bucket of water and comes running back through the dust to report that the well is dry.

The hunt for wells was so intense that in 1931, when the drought was only seven years old, the government of British Columbia employed a Cornishwoman named Evelyn Penrose as its official Government Water-Diviner, and sent her into the homesteads in the Okanagan Valley, where she often found herself as far as ninety miles from a place where there was enough water for a bath. There were many other instances, in those days, of the hiring of dowsers by official agencies. It is not surprising that Benjamin, who offered the added persuasion of an affliction, should have been catapulted to eminence in our little dying town.

EVEN SO, I don't think my father believed in water-witching, and I don't think he asked old Benjamin to come out to our half section. I was six years old then, three years younger than the drought, which had dominated my life like a cruel unnatural stepsister out of a fairy tale. We had been living with my grandparents after a depression business failure, and were continuing to live with them until we got the new place in shape and found water. However, my father and I happened to be on the farm for a special reason the day Benjamin came shambling down the rutted lane that connected our farm to the county road. He must have heard at the blacksmith

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shop that we were planning to dig a well, and simply assumed that we would be waiting for him. A passing neighbor had given him a ride from town, but, in an inarticulate graciousness, did not offer to go out of his way for him, pretending that a quarter-mile walk for a spastic was no more than for anyone else.

Benjamin came just as we were slamming the door of our new home against the raging fumes of the sulphur we had set in cans on a stoked-up stove, the way we fumigated for vermin in those pre-DDT days. We planned to stay the day to make sure the house didn't catch fire, so my father had a little spare time in which to indulge the water witch (if that was indeed the way he looked at it). I tagged after them all morning, partly because I was afraid of the deadly house with the awful gases swirling around its insides, and partly because I did not want to lose sight of my father while a creature like Benjamin was around. His twitching lips drooled tobacco juice, his lower eyelids sagged away from the red-lined globes of his eyeballs, and his hands fluttered from his buttonless shirt sleeves in a terrible anarchy. A high, stumbling voice came out of his massive chest, and his clothes and shoes were heavy with the deep fine dust of the land in which he proposed to find water.

He mumbled repetitiously about veins and depths, which his missing teeth rendered into "depfs," shuffling over the fields, with us at a patient pace behind him. He held his "Y"-shaped branch high, straight out from his chest like the drummer in the American Legion band. Suddenly the branch in his hand flipped over and the tail of the "Y" pointed rigidly at his feet. He had had such an odd grip on the branch that when it flipped over it appeared to have thrown both his wrists out of joint. He began to shake much more violently.

"IT'S RIGHT below me here!" he cried. "There's a lot of it—a whole lot—I can tell by the way it's pullin' at me—it's just like it was taking the stomach right out of me. It's close or it couldn't do like that—depf of eighteen feet, not more. Set a stake here quick, I tell ye—it's rilin' my stomach to stand here."

My father obediently drove a stake down through the billowing dust into the hard earth beneath the palsied branch. Then he said coaxingly to the old man, "Do you feel up to following this vein along for a ways, Ben?"

"Well, I dunno what you want that fer," he said in pleased complaint, "but if you think I can find something even better than what we've got right here I reckon I can try—but I tell ye this is hard on a man. It's mighty hard on a man."

The old man "followed the vein" down the hill to a spot under a huge elm tree where his dowsing rod, green as it was, cracked loudly in its wrenching somersault. He stood there transfixed, while the leaves of the great tree above him quivered in the wind and flickered darts of light over the wavering lines of his body.

Crowded as my world was with invisible beings and magical forces, I had never expected to be an actual witness of supernatural energies at work.

Even my father jumped a little, but he recovered himself quickly enough to say a little too loudly and nonchalantly, "Well, now, Ben, I think you did it! I reckon I ought to dig right here, don't you?"

I thought that was about as superfluous a question as he could have asked. The kind of power that had just been demonstrated to us could have called all the water in the world to that spot under our elm.

MY FATHER did dig there. He found no water until he had gone three times as deep as old Benjamin's rod had said, but finally the sand began to whisper and slide in around him as he spaded it into the bucket my grandfather cranked up and dumped aside, and then the water began to seep up around his legs and to fill faster than he could bail and dig. After we got the pump installed and the water had a chance to clear, we realized that we had a well bordering on the miraculous. The water was wonderful. Most wells in that area yielded water so strong with minerals that it was often almost as unpotable as it was good for the teeth. (My mother and grandmother both have perfect teeth to this day.) When old Benjamin tasted the water from our well he trembled in pride, and my father gave him ten dollars out of gratitude to the earth.

As the drought became worse that summer, we came to see what a remarkable well we had. I, of course, accepted both the unusual taste and abundance of the water as the natural result of Benjamin's water-witching. I was sure that he had not just found that water, but had an absolute control over keeping it there. As soon as we had transplanted the vegetables that we had started indoors while we were staying with my grandparents, we began hauling water from the well up the long hill to the garden. My father would hitch the team to the stoneboat, load an oil drum on it, empty a dozen buckets into the drum, then flick the reins with a specious optimism at the sweating horses. Their mosquito-covered thighs vibrated with effort as they yanked and dug for footing to move the first inch that would jolt the loaded sledge out of its inertia. When they had finally dragged and scraped it to the top of the miserable incline, my father would pour the water, bucket by bucket, into the trenches along the garden rows, and then drive the weary animals back down the hill to get another load.

FOR WEEKS the well supplied us and our stock and our flourishing garden, while all around us the wells of neighbors began to go dry. The water table receded from one sputtering pump shaft after another, and men went shamefaced and frantic to their friends, who became suddenly aloof and cautious. There was, after all, nothing anybody could barter for water—not seed wheat or labor or even money. People who had lived for three generations under the homesteaders' law of unconditional hospitality to those in need now began to live under another law, the law of the desert. None dared to ask for more than enough to water their animals and themselves. Their winter's vegetables, begun in the hopeful boxes of earth propped against kitchen windows looking out on March snow, faded into dead yellow strings lying in the dust of their gardens. If Benjamin could not find new wells for them, there was nothing left for them to do but slaughter their bony milch cows,

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take the proceeds from their lugubrious auctions, and go West.

The heat wilted even the wind, and the normally restless windmills—the only power we had besides that of men and animals—stood mute against the silent sky, while the water in the great tanks below them evaporated through a covering of green scum. I was so hungry for water that I could bring myself to play in one of those round wooden tanks, and I still remember climbing into it and scraping my heels and calves down against the hairy growths on its sides. The tank was in a neighbor's horse pasture, and my mother would take us there in our old Ford, driving across the hard useless fields, and would then sit in the shade of the car reading the Jamestown *Sun* while my three-year-old sister and I jumped and paddled about in the lukewarm mixture for an hour or so. Then we would come home and sponge off the green that coated our bodies and matted our hair.

At night, ten minutes in bed was a long time—long enough for a person no bigger than I to have searched out every unslept-on cooler piece of sheet, and to have made the whole bed as hot as I with my searchings. Every night was like the worst two days of the measles.

But despite my miserable nights I had no way of knowing that things were even worse than usual. I was making a bird-nest collection and I spent my days visiting various bird homes, admiring the eggs, then the baby birds, and finally taking the nests for my own when the birds were done with them. My favorites were the twin doves who hatched in a nest built every year in the same place—on top of a low stump in the center of a mound so charmingly furnished with hundreds of tiny toadstools that there was no doubt it was the dancing ring for the fairies who belonged on our farm. Since my sister was too little to be of any real interest, the birds and the shy beings that only the birds ever saw were the sole companions of my long summer days and the only recipients of my wistful affections. They absorbed me utterly, and they could make me forget the worrisome conversations between my mother and father that I could hear every night after I had been put to bed.

But then came the three days of heat. The thermometer in the shade of our porch registered 112 degrees at one o'clock in the afternoon of the first day. So unobtrusively that we never knew exactly when it happened, eleven of our fattest hens drew their last breaths through beaks straining away from their hard dry tongues and slumped into the hollows they had made while dusting themselves, as though they had dug their own graves.

That was also the day that our well finally betrayed us. We used up all the priming water in the can by the watering trough and then we brought down the last of the water we had in the house, but all we heard was the rasp of sand in the shaft. My

father put four barrels on the wagon and drove the team to town, three miles away. There they would allow him only three barrels at a time, afraid the supply would not hold out. The stock required all the water he could get, and the garden, after only one day of such punishment, contracted a mortal thirst.

The next morning there was still no water, but I visited the first nest on my route as usual. I could barely see the three-day-old babies under their undulating blanket of gluttonous red ants, their frail necks drooped comfortingly across each other's backs and their little heads swollen with the blue bruises of their eyes under the lids that would never open. During those first two days the whole generation of nestlings in our north and south windbreaks perished and their parents disappeared. Only the twin doves on the enchanted stump survived, for their mother's throat made milk as well as lullabies, and they drank and were spared the crawling red feast.

There was still the one more day of heat and then we had the cloudburst. The irony was clumsy, but the meteorological principles behind it were perfectly sound. We crouched in the earth-floored cellar while the wind tore at the splintered wooden door over us and the tornado ripped apart a barn and a house a few miles to the south of us. Then the sky that had been so hot and dry and far away lowered itself to our roof and spilled out the flood that removed the last skeletal traces of our garden. It seemed to me that all the water in the world, after disobeying the water witch for three days, had come back to us through the sky. There was more water than anybody could have imagined without believing in magic.

Still, the damage was local enough not to be mentioned in the newspapers of places any farther away than Fargo. It just happened that nine years of drought, three years of depression wheat prices, and the treason of a well had exhausted our capacity to exist any longer in an environment which offered no semblance of cosmic hospitality. Even our meek-hearted doves decided to leave. The two babies in their silly flimsy nest had disappeared from the smooth-washed top of their steaming stump.

Thus it was that we joined the caravan of destitute nomads who sought the western ocean, where the people had no experience of the perfidy of wells and therefore concluded that our difficulties must be the result of a lazy shiftlessness. They called us Okies if we had come from north of Texas, and Arkies otherwise, and generally treated us the way people with such names would expect to be treated.

Perhaps it was only the depression that made so much depend on so little. I know I was not clear, at the time, as to whether the drought made the depression or the depression made the drought. Even now I don't know whether it is nomads who make the desert or the desert that makes nomads. I do know that a lone man trying to wrest consistency out of the prairies can be tragically out of scale. Only nomads can live in the wastelands of sea, sand, ice, or dust where the figures of men are forever out of scale.

If we had all been birds, we could simply have forgotten a lost genera-

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tion and migrated to the next nesting site. If we had been Indians, we would be there still, having followed the buffalo, which would have followed the grass that was sure to be green enough somewhere, for there is usually a greener valley for people to find, if only they are not encumbered by the idea of human permanence.

Since we were not nomads by nature, we were obliged to shrink on the outskirts of the small group of farmers at our auction who made humiliating bids on the sad trappings of our permanence and bought them at sums that made my mother seek my father's eyes in frightened dismay. We had counted on getting much more to help us move to another place where there would not be so many enemies of roots.

Inexplicably the veins of several wells old Benjamin had dowsed were renewed after the cloudburst, and the desperate people, renewed in their faith, came ever more frequently to the blacksmith shop. They would bring in a singletree that was about ready to be welded or a horse that was about to lose a nail, and then they would drift back to the corner where Benjamin sat propped against the wall on a cracked anvil draped with gunny sacks. The drought had promoted him from his shed into the shop. A man would start to speak of how the east forty was a little dry, and he was thinking of spying out a vein to open there. Softly and casually they spoke, as people will to a being who might be easily offended because of his terrible affliction and the pride it takes to bear it. They spoke as people do to a being who may be cajoled into bestowing on suppliants who hit upon the proper ritual a stay of execution, a drink of real water out of a mirage.

MY FATHER AND I saw Benjamin the water witch for the last time sitting on his anvil, trembling and rolling his eyes, whittling aimlessly on the tail of a dowsing rod on the day we went down to Leroy's shop to get a little welding job done on the wagon box we were converting into a trailer. We didn't mention anything to him about the well, or even tell him why we were there in Leroy's shop, because we too bore our affliction with pride.

SUMMER THOUGHTS OF A SNOB

Now that the Off is Beaten Track, preserve me from
Summer in Europe. I have no wish to go
Where the rest are going: Bill, Edie, Ed, the man who does my hair,
Miss P. in Filing, the Marches with their young,
The folk from Winnetka, Purple Springs, Wahooskie,
A million Americans bound for the lovely places
I once saw hearing only a different tongue and seeing
Strange people and smelling and tasting newly every day,
Strange to myself as well as strange to others.

Preserve me now
From a Europe tailored to our aseptic tastes, with Haig and Haig
Handy in every wineshop in every province
And Cokes all over; and in some mountain town
Drene, Gleem and Kleenex, Pond's, Band-Aid and Lux
Ready on shelves for timid modern women,
And every village geared to childish lips
With franks and hamburgers and banana splits
Where cheese and wine once warmed the exploring tongue.

Preserve me from One World, One Way, Our Way
Prevailing, the common coinage of the kingdom of comfort
Dispelling difference. And save me from seeing
"David" in Florence surrounded by my kind,
However happy, humble, decent and generous:
The rumpled men, shirt open, the straps of gear
Dragging their Dacron shoulders down, their slackened mouths
Loose-hung. Preserve me from their wives,
Eager in cottons, pixie-glasses bright,
Telling their families shrilly where to look.
Preserve me from their young—the pretty, precocious
Girls, kid-brother boys
Fat-buttocked in their jeans, the slouching youths
Looking for Bardot, bored with the Bargello.

Preserve me too
From all my sophisticated friends who know just where
To eat, sleep, drive, buy charming little things
At next to nothing. Let them go, I say,
And blessings on them for all the joys they reap.
I will stay here. The places in their season
Are for too many. Antibes, the Costa Brava,
Rome, Venice, Capri, Ischia, all those places
Eye-worn, herd-trodden, overused, un-strange,
Vacation-weary. I do not want those beaches
Padded with basting flesh, the *trattorias*
Loud with American cries, while waiters' eyes
Glisten derisively, their palms outstretched
For the preposterous overtip.

Preserve me too
From the Germans and English in Italy and France
And the French in France, high-voiced in penury
On their paid holidays. All men are equal
To see all things, and this is fine for them, but I
Prefer the priority of singleness
In seeing. To be the one
Stranger before the undiscovered sight, the house or hill
None else is seeing now. And if this means
Choosing the bitter climates of the year,
The shrouded sun, cold rooms, deserted streets,
And worst of all, places still poor in plumbing—
Tell no one else; but I, a snob,
Am coming.

—MARYA MANNES

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PRESS

An Encyclopedia With Three Deadlines a Day

NORBERT MUHLEN

IN THE WINTER of 1955, ten months before the uprisings broke out in Poznan and Budapest, I asked West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer whether he agreed with some observers who called Soviet rule over Eastern Europe "a finality." "I do not agree with them," Adenauer said; "dissatisfaction in these countries is growing, an explosion may soon occur, and I have proof of it." He got up and took a file from a drawer in his desk. I expected it to contain diplomatic or intelligence reports, but it merely held clippings from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*. Adenauer selected two lengthy articles by the Swiss daily's Warsaw and Budapest correspondents on the unrest among workers and students, insisted that I read them, and then said: "I think this answers your question." Two years later, Adenauer remarked: "If I want to know what's going on in Germany, I look for it in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*."

The *N.Z.Z.*, Bernard Berenson noted in his wartime diary, "dispassionately looks around the circle of the earth, espying what can interest a civilized man, under present conditions. Nothing escapes its observations and its humane as well as rational comment. I know no other daily so universally well-informed . . ."

Newsmen—wont to sample, compare, and discuss the press rather like gourmets sampling and discussing vintages—almost unavoidably name the *N.Z.Z.* as one of the best contemporary newspapers. Somewhat heavy and not to everybody's taste, cosmopolitan in its coverage and in its editorial outlook, yet with a taste of provincial *vin du pays* admixed, with a reputation for reliability and comprehensiveness far transcending its narrow national boundaries—surely it is a unique daily.

STRICTLY SPEAKING, the *N.Z.Z.* is not a daily but a three-times-daily newspaper. Since 1894, it has published three issues every weekday, with one edition on Saturdays and Sundays. According to cynics, no one but the Swiss could find the leisure to read their paper in three daily editions. On the front page of the morning edition, the subscriber will find a thoroughgoing, closely printed report headlined, say, "The Problem of Small Peasantry in South Vietnam," while the noontime paper will present an equally lengthy and scholarly report on "American Attitudes Toward the Common Market." The evening paper might regale him with an analysis of the finer points of a thesis published in a Moscow journal, or with a closely reasoned dissertation on an important international issue. Brief news dispatches from all over the world round out the page.

On the bottom of the page, where the *feuilleton* offers lighter fare in the tradition of the Continental press, the *N.Z.Z.* may review a philosophical treatise published two years before in Sweden, or, perhaps, present a historian's study on foreign-trade problems in the era before Charlemagne. Several other pages are filled with essays and news on political and financial subjects; the business pages are served by a staff of full-time foreign correspondents independent of the paper's political correspondents. Local news is detailed and ponderous—perhaps an exhaustive report on the recent leak of the sewer system in a new suburban apartment house, or a fresh look at the perennial question whether three restaurants should be permitted to keep open for two hours after Zurich's general midnight closing hour. (The *N.Z.Z.* has discussed this question in more words than the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* combined have devoted to the East-West conflict.) And so to bed.

THE EDITORS of the *N.Z.Z.*—often former or future university professors or governmental leaders—strongly discourage "scoops" in their columns. Speed in the gathering and publishing of news, as the *N.Z.Z.* sees it, merely keeps writers and editors from checking for accuracy, from giving sufficient thought to the meaning of a story, from filling in the full background. Accuracy, wide scope, and thoughtfulness are the journalistic standards that the *N.Z.Z.* values most. For the same reason, its editors frown upon "brilliant writing." A writer spending his time in search of a felicitous or witty phrase could have used it more fruitfully searching for facts and their meaning. In *N.Z.Z.* usage, *le mot juste* is succinct and colorless.

Most American editors would contemptuously reject the leisurely, not at all vivid, sometimes outright dull stories that are the trade-mark of the *N.Z.Z.*—"that's all right for an encyclopedia, not for our readers"; but then, the *N.Z.Z.* aims precisely at being an all-inclusive, trustworthy, three-times-a-day encyclopedia of current events. And its seventy thousand readers—the men on the Zurich street as well as the more than seventeen thousand subscribers to its foreign edition—seem to like it.

TO SOME DEGREE the *N.Z.Z.'s* international reputation stems from the emphasis it gives to international news. In 1780, the year in which the paper was founded, a Zurich clergyman and economist was beheaded for criticizing Swiss conditions in foreign publications. Little wonder, then, that the Zurich editors preferred reporting on foreign events (their first news story dealt with the American War of Independence). But when over the following 179 years Switzerland—and Zurich in particular—developed into a great European entrepôt of ideas and finance, new and strong reasons led the *N.Z.Z.* to give priority to its foreign coverage.

A second distinctive trait of the *N.Z.Z.* is the way in which it practices freedom of opinion in its own

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pages. Its correspondents may and often do report favorably on men or institutions whom the paper itself attacks editorially. For instance, in the mid-1920's its Rome correspondent sympathized with Fascism while its Milan correspondent and its Zurich editors opposed it. Or, in the decade after the Second World War, its Bonn correspondent was highly critical of the new West Germany, whose growth and leaders the Zurich editors supported. Their conflicting views were based on the same unslanted information, and conclusions were left to the reader.

While the editors practice freedom of opinion in their own home, they have consistently and successfully defended it against interferences, whether from outside or from their own authorities and countrymen. In the Second World War, the Germans repeatedly threatened to invade and occupy Switzerland unless the *N.Z.Z.* (and other Swiss papers) ceased reporting and commenting on Germany in their traditional objective fashion. Since at the time Switzerland was an island wholly surrounded by Nazi-controlled territory, quite a few Swiss military and governmental leaders tried to appease the Nazis by restraining the *N.Z.Z.* But its editors insisted on continuing their reportorial and editorial work without change of emphasis. While the *N.Z.Z.* was naturally *verboten* in Hitler's Reich, a number of Germans used to vacation in Switzerland mainly in order "to be able to read the *N.Z.Z.* and to understand what's really going on." Today, about a thousand government officials in the Soviet realm subscribe to the foreign edition of the *N.Z.Z.* A conservative paper in its domestic frame of reference, it is also one of Europe's few publications which presents an unbiased picture of the United States.

THIS moral conscientiousness of editors and writers to whom newspapering is not a job but a profession, and who turn out a modern newspaper according to nineteenth-century principles, helps explain why today Swiss newsmen are among the world's best, why they are content to write (without by-lines) for the *N.Z.Z.*, and why the *N.Z.Z.* is a truly great European institution.

MOVIES

The New Wave at Cannes

CYNTHIA GRENIER

CANNES was taken by storm this May by seventeen French directors mostly under thirty, their equally young actors and actresses, and a clutch of their new feature and short films. The Eleventh International Film Festival still gave off plenty of its customary glitter with nightly floodlit mobbings of ladies like Sophia Loren and Kim Novak. Girls in bikinis still stalked the hotel lobbies and the narrow Cannes beach strip in the hope of catching the benevolent eye of producer or photographer. But the young gang, soon labeled "the New Wave" by the press, was consistently the one major topic of conversation, day and night, through the wearing fifteen-day round of fancy galas, receptions, cocktails, and mammoth midnight supper parties. The big guns of the film world—producers and distributors from New York, Rome, Hollywood, Paris—chewed down hard on their expensive cigars and cagily tried to outbid one another in the bar of the Carlton for rights to this or that first film by an unknown young Frenchman. The youthful film-makers were regularly invited for drinks or lunch where fat contracts were offered them. All in all, the movie industry had never quite seen anything to match it.

JUST ONE YEAR EARLIER, twenty-seven-year-old François Truffaut, who walked off with this year's award for the best direction, was angrily banned from this very same festival because of his obstreperous attacks on his cinema elders in the French weekly *Arts*. As a film critic, young Truffaut protested bitterly against outmoded, conventional film techniques and methods in current use. His own taste in films often tended to be capricious and youthfully arrogant, but consistently and articulately he maintained that better films could be made if only producers would give a chance to young men with ideas who would work with a small budget and unknown actors outside of the sound stages of a studio. Truffaut's own chance came when he married the daughter of M. Morgenstern, one of France's biggest film producers. Morgenstern, gallantly overlooking his new son-in-law's virulent attacks on his own productions, offered Truffaut the money to make a film.

The result, *Les Quatre Cent Coups*, showed Truffaut practicing what he had been preaching—no stars, low budget, his own idea. He chose for his subject a more or less autobiographical story—an uneasy adolescence, troubles with parents culminating in running off from school, stealing a typewriter, and being consigned to a rough state reform school. The story line is simple, unmelodramatic, and strikingly sincere. Shot in black-and-white wide screen by a wonderfully talented cameraman, Henri Decae, in the actual schoolrooms, apartments, and streets of Paris, the film gives off an air of veracity and freshness that is both new and appealing. A number of scenes like that of a sustained traveling shot from the rooftops showing schoolboys following their prancing

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gym teacher in track costume through the Latin Quarter touched off a long round of applause from the notoriously hard-to-please Cannes audience. The old-time directors, many of whom had felt Truffaut's gadfly sting in the past, hurried into print to acclaim him as a first-rate talent. The film does have its flaws. There are bumps in the plotting and the timing is sometimes more than a little off, but despite these shortcomings Truffaut certainly made his point: a film does not need big stars, expensive sets, and a heavy overhead to win over critics and public.

TRUFFAUT was only one of many young directors to make the breakthrough in 1959. What happened to bring about such a conjunction of so much new talent in one year?

From time to time in previous years, young men occasionally talked producers into backing them, and had made good and interesting films, although nearly all had been forced to accept featuring a big star. (One of them, Roger Vadim, at the age of twenty-seven had created a major international stir over his first film, *And God Created Woman,* in which he launched Brigitte Bardot, then relatively unknown and then his wife.) But such successes were isolated and rare. Meanwhile, a number of young film critics like Truffaut harassed the established directors and producers in a tiny, angry publication, *Cahiers du Cinéma,* for their lack of daring, for their unwillingness to experiment or to try out new talent. They railed against film-writer teams who systematically adapted great French classics for the screen. They argued that the director should write or at least conceive the scripts for his own films. Despite all the energy of their attack, it seems doubtful if it would have had any effect on the film industry but for a matter of felicitous if completely chance timing.

In the fall of 1958 French cinema leaders were desperately disturbed over the threatened cutoff of government subsidies then up for renewal by the French National Assembly. Statements in the press by Finance Minister Pinay that he saw no point in supporting an industry whose goal was the display of Miss Bardot's anatomy did not help put them at ease. Producers were ready to welcome any innovation that might reduce costs while keeping receipts reasonably high. Marcel Carné, one of the top directors of the 1930's, taking a page from the young critics, cast *The Cheaters* with a group of completely unknown, very low-cost actors, and overnight found himself with a box-office record breaker. The story, a new one for French films—beat kids of Saint-Germain-des-Prés with their status symbols of sports cars, cool jazz, and change-your-partners—shocked and intrigued moviegoers. Producers took one look at the receipts, and decided they'd better reconsider the proposals from all the young would-be directors who had been trying for so long to sell them on the idea of fresh talent and topical stories.

Right about this time, the grandfather of the wife of Claude Chabrol, the twenty-seven-year-old editor of *Cahiers du Cinéma,* died and left about eighty thousand dollars to his granddaughter, who promptly said to her husband, "You remember, dear, that film you said you'd always make if we had the money . . ." Chabrol brushed up a much-rejected scenario, got together some young out-of-work actor friends and a small crew of technicians headed by cameraman Henri Decae, and in midwinter went to work in his tiny home town, deep in central France.

The finished product, *Le Beau Serge,* is a sincere effort to tell the story of a young man returning after five years to his native village and his efforts to save his once best friend from alcoholism. Although the acting was often uneven and the story veered now and then toward the pretentious, the film still did show for the first time a faithful and painful portrayal of the drab, unthinking brutality of French peasant life. Without being really world-shaking in originality—after all, the Italians with their neo-realism had long ago explored this theme in great detail—the film was still pretty much of a landmark for the French cinema.

Producers, encouraged by what they saw in *Le Beau Serge,* advanced Chabrol $160,000 for a second film even before the first was released. In an unprecedented double-header, Chabrol's two films opened one week apart on the Champs-Elysées in the early spring. The second, *The Cousins,* featuring the same pair of actors who had played in *Le Beau Serge*—Gérard Blain and Jean-Claude Brialy—centered about a smooth city youth and his earnest country cousin, both law students, and their life of sports cars, easy dreamy-eyed girls, and wild surprise parties. It drew capacity crowds from its first week, rapidly making Chabrol and his young actors three of the most sought-after talents in French moviedom. Signed by the leading French producers, Chabrol won't have to start thinking very soon about where he's going to find work.

CANNES CROWNED with its highest award—the Golden Palm—another French film-maker who, although classed as a member of the New Wave, is hardly a newcomer to the medium. Marcel Camus, forty-four, had served a long apprenticeship as assistant to many of France's great directors. Offered more than one opportunity to direct his own film, he had always refused because producers would not agree to give him a free hand. His one previous film had garnered no acclaim other than some kind words from the young critics. Two years ago, Camus found a producer to listen to him. The money advanced was not much, but it took him to Rio de Janeiro, where he lived and worked in a state of near poverty making a modern version of the Orpheus legend. The completed film, *Orfeu Negro,* cast with non-professionals—a Brazilian football player and an American modern dancer—brought Camus a standing ten-minute ovation at Cannes. Shot in handsome color, the film sets the story of Orpheus and Eurydice against carnival Rio. Through his exciting visual invention and skillful use of an exotic culture Camus brings off the perilous task of transposing a myth from one age and culture to another. Death, seen always as a man in a stylized carnival skeleton costume, creates a fine mood of unnamed terror as he stalks Eurydice to her death on the high-tension wires of the Rio car barns. The film is full of visual surprises and delights.

A third French film at Cannes was as different from the films of Truf-

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faut and Camus as they were from each other. *Hiroshima Mon Amour* by Alain Resnais, thirty-six, a tender story of a Frenchwoman's two excursions into love with actual or former enemies of her country—first a German soldier during the Occupation, then a Japanese against the background of Hiroshima—won the International Film Critics Prize.*

WHILE ALL the furor was being kicked up around the New Wave some seventeen directors, ranging from twenty-two-year-old Jean-Daniel Pollet to forty-four-year-old Marcel Camus, retreated to a villa in neighboring La Napoule and tried to hammer out a statement of their credo. Eight hours later, after much table pounding, occasional door slamming, and high-tempered mutual criticism, a short testy dispatch was released stating that they were in complete disaccord except for believing that a film should be a personal act of creation. The next day, going over the tape recording of their conversations, they decided that they could also agree that directors ought to have complete freedom in choosing their scenarios and actors and that film-making is a vocation and not just a profession; further than that they would not go.

As the Cannes Film Festival ended, the French entries had been bought for world-wide distribution, some seven films by young directors were pulling in record crowds in Paris, and another fifteen were in various stages of completion for release in the fall. Most of the big-time older directors who hadn't produced any films in more than a year were busily revising their plans to fit in with the new trend. A few pessimistic members of the old guard ran articles claiming that the New Wave was just a natural development to be expected, and that they too had once been "new." Despite these misgivings and the continuing uncertainty about the future of government subsidies, producers and public alike took comfort from the new life brought to French films by a group of stubborn, talented individualists.

**Hiroshima Mon Amour* will be discussed in detail in a review from Paris by Madeleine Chapsal which will appear in our next issue.

ART

The End of Modern Painting

HILTON KRAMER

FOR MANY ARTISTS and intellectuals of the younger generation in Europe, American painting of the abstract expressionist school has recently joined the curious company of jazz, blue jeans, Coca-Cola, Marilyn Monroe, and the plays of Tennessee Williams as one of the more arresting symbols of American life. It is an object worthy of imitation and aspiration. It evokes not only partisanship but an astonishing evangelical zeal. There are critics in London, Basel, and Berlin who write about Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning with the kind of passionate conviction that used to be reserved for urgent political questions. The cognoscenti of Amsterdam and Madrid speak the names of Mark Rothko and Clyfford Still with familiarity and enthusiasm. When an enormous exhibition of these and other painters, together with a retrospective showing of Jackson Pollock, was installed at the Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris earlier this year, Annette Michelson reported in the magazine *Arts*: "The fact that this exhibition remains, after five months, the one really lively topic of discussion in any gathering of artists, critics, or dealers speaks for itself." European advocates of this art do not simply "like" it, they *believe* in it. They bring to this commitment some of that terrifying capacity to close out all other values which, again, has more often been identified with political irrationalism than with a response to art. For Europe, American painting of this type is less an aesthetic experience than an ideology.

Just why this should be so tells us more, perhaps, about the condition of art in Europe than about American painting. There is no denying that a loss of confidence has taken place in European painting. This is especially true of the School of Paris, whose leadership in this sphere is now challenged for the first time in the history of modern art. What is happening is what always happens in a crisis of this kind: there is a search for new sources of vitality. There is the customary assumption, too, that these sources are to be found in forms of expression as far removed as possible from the sophisticated, overrefined styles of Europe itself.

What the European eye looks for in American painting is not something close to its own sensibility. It does not seek out a confirmation of its own traditions. On the contrary, the European response is precisely to qualities that are regarded as distant from inherited values. It is the *otherness* of this art that excites the European imagination, and wins it over to what is said to be a new vitality and power.

The exact nature of Europe's interest in our art has been made much clearer by recent reactions to an exhibition called "The New American Painting." This is the show that went to Paris and toured seven other European cities at the same time the large Pollock show was also on the road. It has now returned from its triumphal tour, and is installed for the summer months at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The museum, whose International Council sponsored the tour, has also issued a special catalogue, complete with clippings from the European press. This volume, called *The New American Painting* (Doubleday, $2.95), is a useful guide to the whole movement, including color plates, biographical résumés, and some gnomic statements from the artists.

IN THIS COUNTRY, abstract expressionism is now our certified contemporary style so far as the museums, the critics, and the big investors in modern painting are concerned, and inevitably its local partisans have felt vindicated by this resounding victory abroad. To enjoy the fruits of this victory, however,

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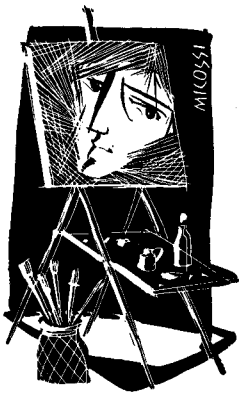
they have had to do some fast work in rehabilitating the value of European opinion. For ten years they have been persuading all comers that Europe was a backwater. Yet when the opportunity came, it still seemed to require the word of this "decadent" culture to confer legitimacy on our native efforts.

For myself, I find this victory ambiguous. What Europeans found to admire in our painting may not be at all what we Americans should like to admire in it ourselves. They responded especially to its raw power, its daring, and its scale. They insisted a little too much perhaps on its physical vigor and on its violence. The poet Kenneth Rexroth reported in *Art News*: "Even those [journalists] who did go [to "The New American Painting" show] got hold of the wrong catalogue and were under the impression the pictures were painted by Wyatt Earp and Al Capone and Bix Beiderbecke." Originality, power, newness—these words are such music to our ears that we have neglected to observe how seldom either profundity or delight was attributed to this art by critics who take such matters seriously. When it came to judging the new American painting, Europe still withheld its ultimate praise and retreated into the euphemisms that are used in any polite society to encourage growing boys. The key to this European attitude came in its reluctance to recognize American painting in its continuity with European tradition. This was the crux. In her report to *Arts,* Miss Michelson commented: "The hospitality [of the Paris critics] was somewhat qualified . . . by the suggestion of a condescension to a fresh and interesting art produced by a tribe of noble savages, or by the masochism of the civilized European, submitting to a rape performed upon his exquisitely decadent sensibility (Gide rejecting James in favor of Dashiell Hammett, feeling that a literature which had produced *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* could take no interest in *The Golden Bowl*)."

This was, in effect, a way of saying that American painting could not be taken to exist on the same level as its European counterpart. Its interest as ideology was affirmed, but its achievement as art was left in abeyance. Yet, when I say that Europeans responded to qualities different from those we ourselves admire, I am probably not speaking for New York's art circles. There has been in New York, too, an odd compulsion to place this school of painting—which spends half its time denying it is a school and the other half wondering if it is a new academy—outside the confines of art. The most famous essay on abstract expressionism, Harold Rosenberg's article on "The American Action Painters" in 1952, specifically warned against the "fallacy" of regarding such work as mere art: "The critic who goes on judging in terms of schools, styles, form—as if the painter were still concerned with producing a certain kind of object (the work of art), instead of living on the canvas—is bound to seem a stranger."

ACTUALLY, the whole abstract expressionist movement is intimately bound up with the development of modern painting in Europe. Its impulses date from the influx of European artists to this country in the late 1930's and especially during the Second World War. This was the period when Léger, Miró, Breton, Lipchitz, Mondrian, Chagall, and other luminaries of the Paris avant-garde settled in New York. This distinguished wave of emigration was an event second only to the Armory Show of 1913 in determining the course of American art. Pollock, Gorky, de Kooning, Rothko, Motherwell, and the other senior members of this group all came of age in the atmosphere created by the presence of these Parisian vanguard artists in New York.

The difference between the Americans and their Parisian elders was a difference in attitude toward the same artistic capital. The Americans,



as heirs to a cultural fortune they had never had to earn, were free to squander, take chances, risk everything. At the very worst, they would only end up where they had started. The Europeans were more conservative, admitting and encouraging new possibilities but unwilling to spend recklessly what had been won at such a profound spiritual cost.

This is the real meaning of the abstract expressionist movement in New York: that it has promised a liberation from culture in the name of an art which, whether violent or serene, resigns from all the complexities of mind which Europe still regards as the *sine qua non* of artistic seriousness. It has thus brought modern painting to an end, hastening its demise out of some compulsive curiosity to see what the future of art can be without it.

When I go through the galleries of the Museum of Modern Art now and look at these paintings again, I wonder if they can bear this ideological burden very much longer. André Chastel, the critic for *Le Monde*—incidentally, one of the few who clearly understood the European origins of this painting—commented: "We are dealing with a kind of painting . . . which no longer takes anything into consideration. And which will have great difficulty in growing old." Such a difficulty is plainly evident in the brittle, dry surfaces, the poverty of invention, the inflated scale. Above all, it shows up in the athleticism going to seed in preciosity which confronts the eye at every turn. If this is the future, the future is going to be meager.

The festivities that celebrated the victorious return of "The New American Painting" to New York took place in a quite different atmosphere, of course. The opening-night events at the Museum of Modern Art had the air of a college town on Saturday night after the big game; I've never seen so many happy faces in a museum. But then, nobody goes to opening night at the museum to see pictures. I remember, though, the remark of a painter I happened to run into that evening. "I'm glad to see this work here, set up on the altar this way and everybody worshiping," he said. "That means it's over, and now something else will have a chance."

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BOOKS

What's Wrong with Culture?

ALFRED KAZIN

CULTURE AND SOCIETY: 1780-1950, by Raymond Williams. *Columbia. $5.*

I once met in a German university a professor of English literature who thought it "uncultivated" to discuss the concentration camps. Admittedly, this was an extreme case (though not untypical of German professors) of what "culture" has come to mean. But as Raymond Williams shows in this remarkable study of the different uses to which English writers have put this term since 1780, the distinctly modern conception of culture as something "higher" than society is itself extreme—a desperate response to the Industrial Revolution and modern mass society.

Oddly enough, the term came into usage as a way of handling new social facts, not of escaping them. Romantic poets like Blake and Coleridge, who are now symbols for the cultivation of private fantasy, were concerned with every conceivable social abuse in a way that would stagger many American writers today. The great succession of literary salvationists in Victorian England—John Stuart Mill and Matthew Arnold, Carlyle, Ruskin, and William Morris—offered different gospels of what "culture" should mean; all of these were nothing but indirect reports on the ugliness, poverty, and despair of industrial England.

But these ideas of "culture" were always rivals to industrialiasm and democracy, alternatives to them rather than means of social change based on an acceptance of them. And step by step, this conception of culture as a rival party to society, as the ideal realm of value opposed to the dreary actuality of industrialism and mass literacy, has led to our present idea of culture—not as a way of creating a good society but of escaping from society altogether. Many intellectuals in America today doubtless find ridiculous that nineteenth-century hope to educate everyone which led Tolstoy to prepare his simplified version of the Gospels, or Emerson constantly to tour the country with set lectures on "Culture." Yet if the term "mass culture" means anything, it means the ever-widening social opportunity without which so many American intellectuals would have remained in the "masses." Mr. Williams reminds us that the vast new reading public that accompanied the rise of the novel in the eighteenth century provoked the same horror that in-

tellectuals today profess of the audience for television or movies. Though the real vulgarity of *Kitsch* can be blamed more on the intellectuals who produce it than on the consumers who have no choice but to buy it, it is always this public that is blamed, for they symbolize "society" to intellectuals who, to themselves, personify "culture."

MR. WILLIAMS'S WORK is important, often brilliant, and a healthy change from the tiresome fear of our expanding society that is now so common among intellectuals. The book is uneven in style, and varies from a fairly stiff schoolmasterish prose to passages of remarkable passion and illumination. It is of real value, but it has one obvious limitation for an American reader. Mr. Williams, as he himself explains, comes from the working class, went to Cambridge on scholarships, and in his personal circumstances and general outlook is entirely typical of the first-generation of British intellectuals who have been educated at the expense of the state, have never felt themselves to be part of the Establishment or even of normal commercial middle-class society, and who have a profound and almost mystical attachment to the working class as a *community*. This feeling for community, for tradition, for local usages and settled habits (all of which represent the other meaning of culture, a total way of life), counts for much more in the ranks of British Socialism than does Marxist class antagonism. Although Mr. Williams, like so many intellectuals in Britain, calls himself a "socialist," he is certainly no Marxist. The Marxist version of "class" is too abstract a term for someone with Mr. Williams's social experience to apply to the hearty realities of the British village and countryside, and the whole idea of radical and destructive opposition to "bourgeois" culture by an aroused working class offends his belief in society as a *common* culture. Besides, the Marxist idea also sets "culture," in the self-conscious and superior sense that Mr. Williams disapproves of, over and against existing society. Marx, as he shows, is on this side of his thinking very much a contemporary (as of course he was a neighbor) of the Victorian prophets of "culture."

WHAT INTERESTS Mr. Williams is a national culture in which all classes can share. He does not want to revolutionize society but to see that the "masses" enter more and more into the common culture. He really believes in society as the solidarity of all classes within it. In this connection, it is interesting to note that he is much friendlier to a traditionalist idea of culture, like T. S. Eliot's, than one would expect from a British radical. And his essential disapproval of George Orwell is based on the argument that Orwell could not accept a relationship to any class in English society, that he had the essential point of view of an "exile." To many American admirers of Orwell, he has seemed for our time a peculiarly traditional English example of honesty and independence, and both Edmund Wilson and Lionel Trilling have praised him for this. To Mr. Williams, however, Orwell is an outsider, and an irritating one at that, for of course Orwell was not from the working class, and while he

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spoke for Socialism, always attacked Socialists! During the war, I used to hear British Labourites complain of Orwell that "He's not one of us." But it has remained for Mr. Williams not only to give this objection meticulous critical definition, but to extend his disapproving term for Orwell, the "exile," into something even harsher, the "vagrant."

Mr. Williams, who is always fair-minded as well as intelligent, makes out a good case for the literary virtues of the "vagrant" as the observer from afar, the reporter and intermediary who comes fresh to every social scene because he is not really part of any. But the American who remembers how Orwell's gifts as a reporter served him in Burma and Catalonia, as well as on the road to Wigan Pier, is not likely to appreciate Mr. Williams's very provincial feeling that where "the substance of community is lacking, the tension, in men of high quality, is very great." What, after all, is so wrong about tension—especially when compared with the low pressure and pompous clichés of so much British prose? Even with D. H. Lawrence—a miner's son for whom Mr. Williams of course has much more open sympathy than for the Orwell who went to Eton—Mr. Williams has more a sense of class solidarity than a sense of the qualities that separate genius from the rest. In one way, Lawrence is a test case for critics with Mr. Williams's background. They can identify themselves with him up to a point; but his savagely uncontrollable gifts and his Messianic conception of himself actually irritate and estrange them far more than his class origin attracts them. Although he handsomely gives Lawrence points for his "instinct of community," and again is absolutely right in saying that Lawrence "was not a vagrant, to live by dodging; but an exile, committed to a different social principle," Mr. Williams ends up by complaining of Lawrence that what he always referred to as "the living, organic, believing community" will not be created by standing aside. "The tragedy of Lawrence, the working-class boy, is that he did not live to come home."

"Coming home" in this sense can only mean, to a writer of Mr. Williams's background, that ultimately culture and society may be the same. The very possibility of such a hope is the good fortune of a still traditional society.

Mr. Williams's real theme is that "culture," as the realm of value, must unite itself with social justice. He assumes, as people who think too much in social terms always do, that we all believe in the values passed down to us, that they need only to be shared, not re-established. But although "culture" may speak in the name of values, it does not always know what they are or even which are left. There is a purely creative side to the work of scholars and artists that seeks to define values, not just to save them from (or for) society. Ever since the decline of supernatural religion, which is perhaps the only realm where absolute justice and absolute value were one, we have become increasingly unsure of our ground—of that which gives importance to our values because it is prior to them and in some sense authorizes them. It is easy enough for an Englishman to identify his society with its traditional values—ultimately to be shared by all classes. But an American, who has made his nation rather than inherited it, is less likely to identify all value with his own society.

A Matter of Feeling

STEVEN MARCUS

A Travelling Woman, by John Wain. *St. Martin's Press. $3.95.*

Three Score and Ten, by Walter Allen. *Morrow. $3.50.*

The Zulu and the Zeide, by Dan Jacobson. *Little, Brown. $3.75.*

John Wain's first novel, *Hurry on Down* (1953), had a certain adroitness, and it accrued to itself an additional interest, for it was, along with Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim* and Iris Murdoch's *Under the Net*, one of the early works of a new group of young British writers. It related in picaresque style the fairly scabrous adventures of a young man who, upon receiving his degree from a provincial university, decides to call off his engagement with respectable society and becomes in turn a window cleaner, driver of new cars for export, narcotics runner, and chauffeur. At the end he takes a high-paying job as a gag writer for a radio comedian, assumes what he feels is a "neutral" attitude toward society, and seems well on the way toward that capitulation which some call success. This ending, gotten up even as it was in factitious irony, was only slightly less crass than that of its logical successor, John Braine's *Room at the Top*. It inevitably raised the question of where Mr. Wain would go from there.

A Travelling Woman, Mr. Wain's new novel, indicates that he has moved along a good distance in the same direction. It is an interesting and utter failure. In it Mr. Wain sometimes seems to be half confronting the question of whether it is possible any longer for him to be serious about anything, and, as a corollary of that question, whether the novel itself is still an appropriate medium for whatever order of seriousness he may conceive himself to command. The central character of the novel, George Links, is that commonplace modern literary figure, the anti-hero. Links is bored with, and his wife is distressed about, their four-year-old marriage; and after long insistence on the part of his wife, George consents to visit a psychoanalyst in London. After a couple of visits he stops seeing him, though he doesn't let his wife know this; and in truth his only reason for having originally given in to her demand was to make it possible for him to stay overnight in the city each week. He at once takes up with an old bachelor crony who introduces him to a beautiful woman whose husband is suffering a religious crisis which has rendered him impotent, and, before one can say Fear and Trembling, Links and

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Ruth Cowley wind up in bed. Ruth, we are told, is not only beautiful; she is thoroughly and in every way a phenomenon, especially in her penetrating awareness of who she is and what she wants:

"I'm not even going to tell you that I like you particularly. No doubt I'll start liking you if I let you take me to bed: that's the annoying thing about being a woman. I mean one's emotions are geared to physical things in that way. If you're at all satisfactory as a lover I'll probably even be in love with you, with part of myself at any rate. But that doesn't mean to say that I'll like you much, even then. I may, but I can't say."

RUTH, INDEED, is proposed as the novel's center of "life," and this passage happens to be her principal affirmation of it. The affair with Ruth begins to set George up: he feels better, eats better; he even begins to think a bit. Furthermore, as he becomes more intensely involved in the affair, he begins to make love frequently to his wife with newfound ardor and expertness, and the wife breathes benedictions on psychoanalysis, which has confirmed all her fantasies. This concludes the first half of the novel.

In the second part, George's wife discovers what has happened, leaves him, and takes to living with George's bachelor friend, who has been after another woman, who herself has been openly after George and whose husband is wretchedly jealous. Everything gets very complicated and finally goes to smash in a series of scenes in which all the characters revive that allegedly moribund conventional morality and proceed to flay each other recklessly with it. All the love affairs shrivel up into nasty little bourgeois messes, and this latter part of the novel is virtually indistinguishable from most popular contemporary English fiction, which deals obsessively with the vicarious attractions and pleasures of adultery but always finishes by demonstrating how sordid and destructive of life they really are.

That Mr. Wain's novel should be so inconsequently put together, that it should abruptly and pointlessly shift from extreme frivolousness to downright banality, suggests an inability to organize experience in any coherent way. But this failure is so blatant and undisguised—so undefended, one wants to say—that it amounts almost to an admission by the writer that he is at a point at which he cannot even begin to manage the problems—intellectual, moral, and literary—that confront him. Insofar as Mr. Wain is aware of this, *A Travelling Woman* is an interesting sort of failure.

WALTER ALLEN stands at something of an opposite extreme from John Wain, for he has gone directly to the past for a model, and his novel is recognizable as part of a venerable tradition. *Three Score and Ten* is the autobiography of Billy Ashted, born in 1875 into a Staffordshire working-class family. Billy's father was a master metalworker in silver and brass, a thorny, independent, and eccentric artisan, and Billy inherited his father's craft. Billy's life coincides with the years of the growth of the modern labor movement in Britain, and Billy, an intelligent and lively man, fully realizes that his story is of a significant typicality.

Except for a brief period of schooling, Billy was largely self-educated, attending lectures after work at the Art School and the Mechanics Institutes. The writers who influenced him most were Carlyle, Ruskin, and Morris. The two great personal forces in his life were a fanatically Calvinist older brother, whose belief he rejected, and a talented friend who became the first Labour M.P. ever to be elected in the district. Early in life Billy became an agnostic and a Socialist, and he never wavers from these central beliefs—though his conviction of implacable class antagonisms was changed by the First World War, in which he found himself impelled to volunteer, even though he had been certain that it was a capitalist war in which the working class had no stake. Two of Billy's sons become important and successful men, one of them a production engineer, the other a nuclear physicist. A third son is a charming scapegrace, a liar, cheat, and sponger, who seems—rather awkwardly, I think—to represent and reflect Billy's personal intimation of how even a life like his, devoted pre-eminently to social and political activities, cannot finally be encompassed by them or understood through them.

Three Score and Ten is a sociological novel, and it belongs to a category of writing which during the last hundred years has had a continuous influence in England, a country in which the novel is still generally conceived to be as authentic a means toward the understanding of society as the social sciences. It is in the line of Disraeli's *Sybil,* Mrs. Gaskell's *North and South,* and Kingsley's *Alton Locke,* in which a concrete personal story served as the vehicle for comment upon the condition of society and the course of social change. But unlike these novels of the mid-nineteenth century, *Three Score and Ten* is not a work of protest or exposure, and it rather more substantially resembles the writing of William Hale White, who in such excellent and neglected works as *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* and *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* wrote about certain representative intellectual, religious, and political experiences of the 1880's in a manner strikingly similar to Mr. Allen's.

TO ASSOCIATE *Three Score and Ten* with these works is to imply that it is a novel of intelligence and distinction. It is also a work of genuine sweetness and charm, principally because Mr. Allen has created in Billy a character who is sensitive and dignified without being idealized or wooden, and because of the chasteness and mannerliness of the novel's prose. Yet the novel has its faults, the foremost of them being almost a characteristic of the convention—such a novel unavoidably inclines toward turning itself into a political or social chronicle in which the narrator becomes a third party between the reader and the large historical events being described. Mr. Allen is alive to this difficulty and tries to circumvent it by having Billy periodically claim that his personal life was what really mattered; nevertheless, long stretches of the novel are simply a sporadically personalized account of the early history of the Labour Party. On the one hand this overriding sociological interest simplifies and

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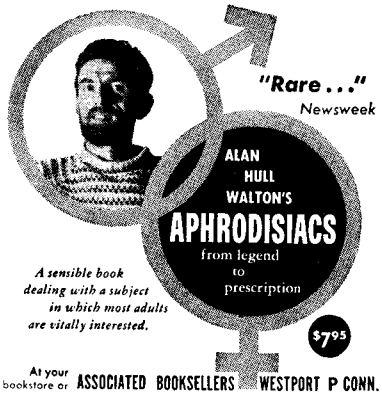
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flattens the texture of the novel; on the other it brings into clearer perspective its essential strength, the strength of social history presented and judged by a serious and sympathetic intelligence.

DAN JACOBSON is a young South African writer who lives in England. His three novels, *The Trap*, *A Dance in the Sun*, and *The Price of Diamonds* have been warmly praised and rightly so, since he is, I believe, the most gifted novelist recently to have come from South Africa. *The Zulu and the Zeide* is Mr. Jacobson's first collection of short stories, and the excellence of these stories is equaled only by their power to disconcert the reader. In almost every one of them—in their very prose and shape—the predicament of being a writer from South Africa exists as a central, virtually palpable presence.

The majority of Mr. Jacobson's stories represent the confrontations that take place between the four large communities of people in South Africa: the native Africans, the Boers, the Anglo-Africans, and the South African Jews, of which last group Mr. Jacobson is himself one. Most of these confrontations reveal what Mr. Jacobson calls an "uncrossable barrier," and his implacable apprehension of this mutual isolation informs all his stories, most of which are about people who conceive of themselves, or who are represented, as being essentially and ultimately defined by the coarsening, diminishing emotions and ideas of their collective identity. In *A Day in the Country* two Jewish and Boer families almost get into a fight over an African child whom the Boers have been teasing and frightening. The strongest feeling of the Jewish family is "the fear that we would be called 'Bloody Jews'. . ."; of the Boers that they "wanted us to think well of [their] race. . ." In a situation of such unmitigated conflict, people seem to become capable of responding to each other with what one can only call a gross typicality.

Mr. Jacobson does not, cannot, identify himself with the Africans or Boers or Anglo-Africans; in a sense he does not even identify himself with the Jews. That he does not is perhaps one indication of how dreadfully constraining—how bereft of affirmative possibilities—life in his country can be; for where he does not feel almost total foreignness (as he does with the Africans), or foreignness plus distaste (as he does for the Boers), he is likely to seem coolly, ironically, and often self-consciously reserved, as he regularly is with both Anglo-Africans and Jews. These large distances between the author and his characters are also partly responsible for the peculiarly troubling lack of resonance in Mr. Jacobson's stories—somehow, one feels, stories so precisely observed, so skillfully maneuvered, should set off a richer response than they do.

IN ONE STORY, however, he does break through. The title story of this book is a superb success. It concerns a retired and refractory old Jew, "old man Grossman," who is continually running away from his son with whom he lives and creating trouble in the son's family. His son hires a Zulu fresh from the country to be the old man's personal nurse and keep him out of trouble. "Paulus knew only Zulu, the old man knew only Yiddish, so there was no language in which they could talk to one another. But they talked all the same. They both explained, commented and complained to each other of the things they saw around them, and often they agreed with one another, smiling and nodding their heads and explaining again with their hands what each happened to be talking about." Here Mr. Jacobson has taken his habitual theme and stood it on its head. Two perfectly alien beings—the old man never even learns the Zulu's name—come together, become fond of each other, make the very fact of their incommunicability the matter of their relation. They wander about town together, they cross the street hand in hand, they speak to no one; they are like those innocents and idiots in Dickens or Faulkner, strangers on the earth yet somehow blessed in their remoteness. This story is unlike any other in the volume; it is a fantasy, it is often close to sentimentality, but it represents that large release of feeling which for a writer in Mr. Jacobson's situation is so difficult to achieve.

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BOOK NOTES

RICHARD NIXON: A POLITICAL AND PERSONAL PORTRAIT, by Earl Mazo. *Harper. $3.95.*

This is a book of considerable interest if little depth—typical of that school of American journalism which prides itself on serving up a variety of "objective" facts cafeteria-style and letting the reader make up his own mind what to do with them. To be sure, Mr. Mazo goes so far at one point as to state that Nixon is a "paradoxical combination of qualities that bring to mind Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Harry Truman and Joe McCarthy." But there is nothing paradoxical about most of the "objective" data Mr. Mazo has collected concerning our Vice-President. An elemental urge to get ahead has figured largely in Nixon's life from the earliest years: "I never wanted to be left behind." "In eighteen years as a student," Mr. Mazo writes, "he ran for many offices and lost only one election." "He was always President of some group like the 20-30 club in Whittier," Mrs. Nixon recalls, "so that I knew he would be successful in whatever he undertook." And yet he lacks the bonhomie usually associated with politicians, especially campus politicians. "Dick was always reserved," his younger brother says. Mr. Mazo adds: "Basically he is shy and taciturn. He broods, abhors back-slapping, and gives the appearance of being a friendless 'loner.'" What warmth does for other men, Nixon seems to have achieved by a touch of the common in spirit. "I'm really hopped up over this deal," he wrote when he was given the Republican Congressional nomination in 1946. Of Lincoln he has declared: "No one pushed him around. He was a very skillful political operator." Adlai Stevenson once called him a "white-collar McCarthy," and there is a ring of the easily recognized, utterly unparadoxical Nixon in the retort: "What Mr. Stevenson calls me is unimportant but I resent his typically snide and snobbish innuendo towards the millions of Americans who work for a living in our shops and factories." In addition there is a great capacity to mouth with conviction abstractions void of content. In his first campaign, Nixon wrote to a supporter: ". . . My main efforts are being directed toward building up a positive, progressive group of speeches." A striking similarity of prose style has not endeared Mr. Nixon to the President. Since the 1952 election the two men have had business but not personal relations. The President signs his letters to Nixon "Dwight David Eisenhower"—not "D.D.E." On a visit to Denver before the heart attack, Nixon stayed on the ninth floor of the Brown Palace while the President entertained friends on the eighth. "Although only one flight of stairs separated them," Mazo notes, "there was no exchange of visits or indication of welcome from the President." After the heart attack there certainly *was* a "dump Dick" move under way in the White House. The President offered Nixon a Cabinet post, after pointing out the difficulties of moving from Vice-President to the top spot. In the end nothing came of the "dump Dick" campaign because Mr. Eisenhower let matters take their course. Mr. Nixon rarely does that.

A ROCKEFELLER FAMILY PORTRAIT, by William Manchester. *Little, Brown. $3.95.*

Once upon a time, as Mr. Manchester tells it, there was a lovable old fellow who made a lot of money. " 'That Rockefeller!' chuckled old Commodore Vanderbilt [learning of the take-over of the Cleveland refineries], 'he will be the richest man in the country!' " This man was very much maligned by "the Sadducees of the press" although he was extremely religious: "God was never far from 4 West Fifty Fourth Street . . ." Now, of course, there are the Rockettes, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, Rockefeller Brothers, Inc., the United Nations site, and a promising Presidential aspirant. Mr. Manchester has attempted to write the story of all this with the same seriousness and insight one might expect to find in a biography of Bing Crosby and his sons, and his persistent sunny grin betrays a strange and unprovoked defensiveness. He seems unable to discuss a Rockefeller at all without knocking the rest of us. Thus: "Others may swagger casually to the barbecue pit in Hawaiian shirts"—but John D. Junior is always well dressed. It even pains Mr. Manchester to think "that the plot on which his [John D.'s] gaunt brownstone home stood until the year before his death is now used for exhibitions of contemporary art, frequented by sophisticates who laze away the days lisping of bop and Kerouac." A strange description of the Museum of Modern Art, of which Nelson Rockefeller is chairman of the board. What would a Rockefeller administration in Washington be like? It would "effervesce with new ideas." It would "fairly sing with enthusiasm." And it would be full of "young, candid, burbling men." Yes, burbling. The governor of New York, like many another man in public life, would seem to have less to fear from his enemies than from his friends.

DAYS WITH ALBERT SCHWEITZER—A LAMBARENE LANDSCAPE, by Frederick Franck. *Holt. $4.*

At twenty-one, Albert Schweitzer decided he would be justified in living for science and art until he reached the age of thirty, after which he would devote himself "to the direct service of humanity." Humanity repaid the compliment by turning him into a legend. Dr. Frederick Franck, who spent several months setting up a dental clinic at the Schweitzer Hospital in Lambaréné in French Equatorial Africa, now sets out to present a realistic picture of "le Grand Docteur." Although this is not a finely drawn portrait, Dr. Franck has compiled a sketchbook of colorful impressions. There are revealing glimpses of the great man: irritable when the tropical peace is disturbed by the noise of the generator that supplies the X-ray machine (except in the operating rooms, kerosene lamps are used in the hospital); studying the ant colony under the floorboards of his room; playing hymns on the battered piano in the staff dining room—improvising around the broken keys, while a new piano sent as a gift stands unused in the corner; receiving courteously a constant stream of visitors, including the ladies whose travel agent included Dr. Schweitzer among the tourist attractions of Africa.

THE GREAT IMPOSTOR, by Robert Crichton. *Random House. $3.95.*

Somewhere in the land at this very moment a man born thirty-eight years ago in Lawrence, Massachusetts, as Ferdinand Waldo Demara, Jr., may be enjoying the gratitude and respect of his neighbors as an outstanding community leader—under an assumed name and with forged credentials. He has been, among other things, a doctor, the founder of a college, a prison warden, an instructor in philosophy, and a Trappist monk. The game hasn't gone so smoothly for Demara since his exploits were written up in *Life* a few years ago, but if he can just stay off the bottle he shouldn't have too much difficulty finding a comfortable niche somewhere. When asked how he avoided exposure in academic arguments, Demara's answer had the clarity of genius: "I always lost the debate. . . . How many arguments have *you* ever won in your life? Arguments where the person you were arguing with suddenly said 'By George, you're right. I never looked at it that way before. You've convinced me.' Would you think that person was ignorant? You would not. You'd say, Now there's a man who's willing to listen to the truth and who can recognize it when he sees it." Except for one not-so-funny experience when Demara

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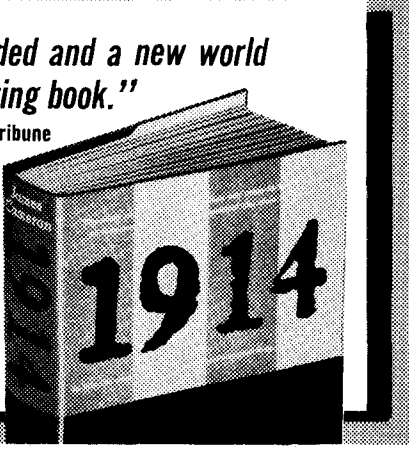

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found himself obliged to perform emergency surgery on nineteen badly wounded Koreans in the captain's cabin of a Canadian destroyer, he never had much trouble as a doctor: "The seriously sick know they're sick and so do you. Those you send to a hospital. The rest are all going to get better sooner or later, and anything you do for them will seem right, and because they think you're a doctor, they'll automatically feel better." Robert Crichton has traced this astonishing career with wit and with a sensitivity born of the knowledge that there's a little of the impostor in each of us. It may be that Ferdinand Waldo Demara is simply better at it than most of us.

THE COOL WORLD, by Warren Miller. *Little, Brown. $3.75.*

A reader with some advance information about this novel might understandably be somewhat leery of it. An "autobiographical" account of a Negro adolescent by a white author with a tendency toward literary transvestitism (as author of the "Amanda Vail" novels) doesn't sound very reassuring at best; and the fact that Duke Custis, Mr. Miller's protagonist, might be described as a sort of blackface Holden Caulfield makes the whole thing even less promising. Surprisingly enough, *The Cool World* turns out to be as sensitive a treatment of mixed-up adolescence in general, and the Negro's in particular, as is likely to appear for quite a while. Mr. Miller, writing in the argot of the Harlem streets, rarely strikes a false note, while getting a great deal of mileage out of a severely limited vocabulary: *"Then he put the piece* [a pistol] *back in the draw an close it slow an quiet. When it close it make a noise like this. Slump. He close the draw. Slump."* Mr. Miller's characters are a pretty hard lot, externally at least, but the reader is never allowed to forget that they are, after all, children, and not yet completely divested of their innocence. When a child-whore, on the single decent day in her life, sees "God" (in the form of a bearded passenger reading a Yiddish newspaper) on a Coney Island subway, the effect is simultaneously funny, moving, and rather horrifying. And when Duke, recalling a schoolhouse in Georgia, says (with no intended irony), "Half the windows broken an I can hear them singin My Country Tisuv Thee," he is, in all his ingenuousness, stating the American Negro's case a good deal more effectively than have most of his more militant elders, black or white. *The Cool World* ends on an optimistic note that is far too facile to be convincing, but otherwise Mr. Miller has done an admirable job.

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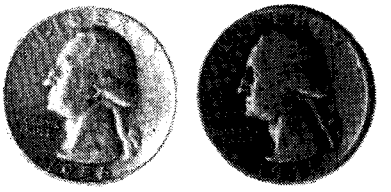

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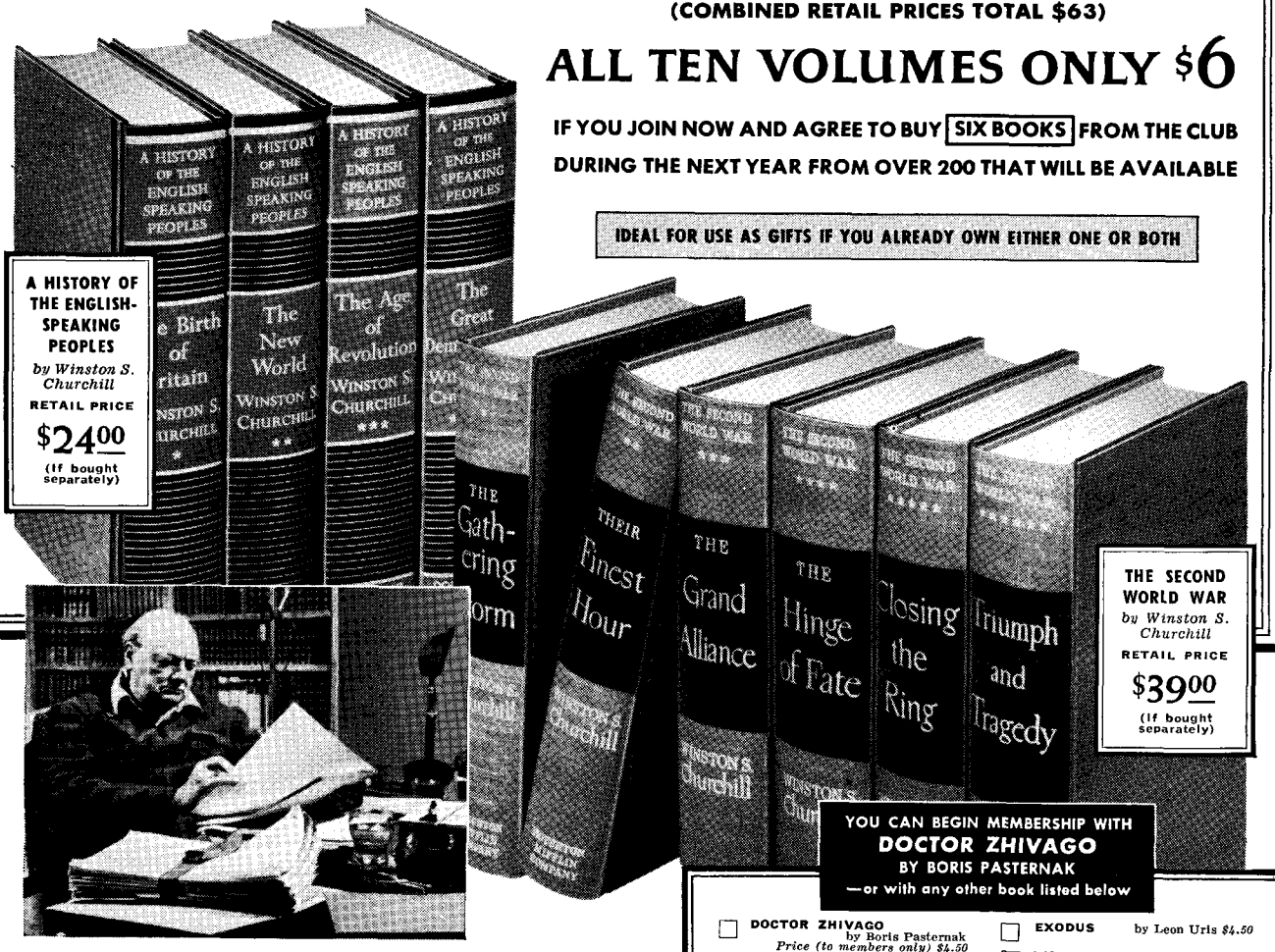

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